

# Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 5.

TRENTON, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1914.

5 CENTS A COPY

## TERRY'S STORY A THREE-REEL PHOTO-PLAY

*Selig Company Pays \$150 for Right to Film the Deaf Author's Novel*

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER



HOWARD L. TERRY, of Santa Monica, California, well known to the readers of the Silent Worker scored yet another success, this time one that will bring the real status of the average deaf person vividly before the eyes of millions.

He has revised his novel, "A Voice From the Silence" to fit it for filming, and the scenario was promptly accepted by the first film producing company it was offered to, although it is an admitted fact that only one out of a hundred submitted scenarios is ever accepted. For the picture play right the author received the tidy sum of \$150.

"A Voice from the Silence" is to appear in three reels with Mr. Terry's name on the screen as the author. This advertising is a valuable requisite, from an author's standpoint, as it will create a demand for his novel—shortly to be issued in book form, and also give him a wide reputation—which is tantamount to increased acceptances of his scripts by editors.

The Selig Polyscope Company, which accepted the deaf writer's work, is one of the largest, with head offices in Chicago and branches in London, Paris, Vienna, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro. It has studios in Chicago, Prescott, Arizona, and in Los Angeles. If the last named studio is given the task of filming the play Mr. Terry intends to endeavor to see that the deaf character is correctly portrayed, and the long scene where the manual alphabet is taught given the correct realism.

Following is a synopsis of the story as adapted to the photo-play—the ending being somewhat different from that of the novel as published serially in the Ohio Farmer last winter:

Sam and May Woodcraft are squatters making their way from the Cumberland Mountains with their daughter Clara, into Missouri. Clara's lover, Buck Martin, has proceeded them into the Ozarks and set himself up as a pioneer farmer. The old folks and Clara find Buck accidentally and the young folks are soon married. All live on the same farm.

Samuel Gibbs is an unscrupulous money-lender and bachelor living at Linn, the town near where the Woodcrafts settled. Tom Duncan, a prosperous farmer, whose lands adjoin the Woodcraft farm, is Gibbs' friend and tool. They discover a cave under the Woodcraft land whose small entrance has long been concealed and unknown. These men, exploring the cave, find a mineral vein. Buck discovers this cave, and on



HOWARD L. TERRY

emerging from it, is seen and cowardly murdered by Duncan at the instigation of Gibbs. This was done to hold the secret of the cave. A few months after Buck's death his daughter was born and Clara passed away with the coming of the child. The orphan was raised by the old couple and she developed into an unusual girl, beautiful and precocious. The assassin, or the murderer of Buck, was never learned. In the meantime Gibbs, as a scheme to get the land, makes loans to old Woodcraft on the farm.

May grows up, a fine, self-taught country girl, when one day she is discovered by a young couple recently settled in the community—they are Gene and Margaret Anderson. They take great interest in May, and in time exert a fine influence over her.

The country is reduced by a fearful drough,

and a terrible winter follows. The farmers suffer greatly. Gibbs reaps a harvest making loans to the people. About this time he feels that he has carried the Woodcrafts long enough, and demands that they pay their mortgage. To do so, Sam is obliged to sell about all his possessions, leaving him almost destitute. He pays the debt, and being unlettered, leaves the valuable papers in Gibbs' hand to be released and recorded. Gibbs delays attending to it, in the meantime a terrible blizzard sets in and the old couple die from exposure. May knows nothing about the mortgage and the notes. Gibbs holds them and keeps it a secret, meaning to claim the valuable mineral land in default of payment, a dastardly scheme.

Oliver Duncan, son of Tom, has always loved May. Jack, Harlow, a deaf boy, also is enamored of the beautiful orphan, now living with Gene and Margaret, who have adopted her. Jack teaches May the deaf sign-language, he is a fair lip-reader—a semi-mute. May encourages the lip-reading, at the same time learning the sign-language.

Gene suspects that Gibbs has designs on the Woodcraft lands, as no one knows where the papers are. He and Jack's father organize the farmers for mutual protection and to overthrow Gibbs. The organization is a success and Gibbs' power is destroyed. He becomes frantic, and seeks revenge. He and Duncan meet at the money-lender's house and Gibbs threatens to expose Duncan as the murderer of Jack Martin unless he helps in the present crisis. At this moment Jack Harlow arrives breathlessly, demanding to see Duncan. Gibbs lets him in, and believing himself safe in the deaf boy's presence, gets

into a hot talk with Duncan, during which Jack learns, by reading Gibbs' lips that Duncan murdered May's father, and that Gibbs means to bring about a forced marriage of May and Oliver in order to get the land in Duncan's power, then both mine it. Jack reveals to Gene what he has learned. Gibbs, driven to desperation, employs a gang to burn the barns of a number of the farmers. This is done, but one tough weakens and is caught by Jack. A sheriff's posse is organized and the fleeing Gibbs and his men are pursued and captured. Duncan meets a horrible death in a cave. Oliver has a dream in which he sees his father killing Buck, and thus realizing his blighted name, forever leaves the country.

May gets the land, and rewards Jack by marrying him.

## PUBLIC OPINION

BY J. H. CLOUD



The convention of the Missouri Association of the Deaf held in St. Louis the later part of last August, Dr. W. J. S. Bryan, ranking assistant superintendent of the public schools, was the principal speaker. The many who were present at the joint opening session of the National Association and World's Congress of the Deaf in the auditorium of the Central High School at the time of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will readily recall Dr. Bryan, and the felicitous address he made on that occasion. Since then Dr. Bryan has made a careful study of the different methods used in teaching the deaf and the conclusion he reached, as regards their respective merits, is the inevitable conclusion of the unbiased student and unprejudiced observer. Dr. Bryan's address before the Missouri Association, which is given below, will repay careful reading. His comment on the sign-language is especially pertinent and timely.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am glad to be with you this morning. It is the second time I have been honored with an invitation to address a gathering of deaf citizens. Not so many are present now as on the first occasion, but in a convention quality counts for more than numbers. I well remember the first time I addressed a convention of the deaf. It was in the Auditorium of the Central High School. It was during the Louisiana Exposition and World's Fair.

I confess I was surprised when asked to address a gathering of people unable to hear what I might have to say. I did not know how it would be possible for me to make myself understood. Now I know how it is possible for my audience to understand through an interpreter using the sign-language just as well and just as readily as if my words were audible to each one present. The sign-language is wonderfully effective. Its value to the deaf is inestimable. I have seen enough of its use among the deaf both of school age and beyond the school age to make me appreciate its great value to them. Nothing can take its place with the deaf, and it would be an excellent means of communication between the hearing. By means of it the people of all lands might converse with each other. I wish that I could use it. It is hard for me to understand how any one familiar with its use, could seek to dispense with it in the education of the deaf. But people who are not artists, are not so well qualified as artists to appreciate art, and those who do not know a language cannot rightly estimate its value as a means of communication. Those who are most proficient in its use, are the best able to appreciate its value. The sign-language does not differ from other languages in this respect.

I have visited schools in which the sign-language is entirely excluded from the means of instruction. I am of the opinion that its exclusion is very detrimental both to the mental development and to the happiness of the pupils. It inflicts an unnecessary hardship upon the deaf. In teaching them, every available means of communication should be utilized, speech, lip-reading, manual spelling, the sign-language, writing, all should be brought into requisition. But for giving the deaf fuller, clearer and freer understanding of an idea, whether written or spoken, no means surpasses the sign-language.

It gives me pleasure to know that the deaf citizens of Missouri have an association for devising practical means for their own advancement. It is eminently fitting that they should meet to discuss measures for the promotion of their common good. To some people the holding of a convention seems to be a waste of time, energy, and money. There are others, however, and their number is large, who take a different view. As fire under a boiler generates steam which sets in motion the machinery that is to accomplish great results, so a convention kindles enthusiasm, stimulates thought, generates and disseminates ideas that may result in great good to mankind.

Active interest on the part of any number of persons for the good of all is commendable and full of promise. Every man is his brother's keeper, and his own best interest is bound up in that of his brother. The welfare of the deaf is the concern of the hearing. The advancement of the deaf will result in benefit to the hearing also. But the betterment of any class of the community depends largely

on the efforts exerted by that class for its own improvement. Their present condition and past experience qualify them to pass judgment upon measures and methods which are to be adopted for their advancement. The deaf know their needs better than others can know them. They know what it is to live beyond reach of the human voice.

A gathering like the present reminds us that all possible efforts should be exerted for the improvement of the deaf. When I made the address in the auditorium of the Central High School several years ago, I did not dream that a few years later I should



DR. W. J. S. BRYAN

Assistant Superintendent Public Schools, St. Louis

have to do with the education of the deaf in an official way. At that time I was principal of the Central High School and expected to remain in that position. The work of teaching is, in all its phases, most interesting. There is great satisfaction in being able to assist in the direction and training of youth in any capacity. The public schools are doing a great work. They exist because of a great need, manifest to all. The public School system of St. Louis is one thing in which the citizens of St. Louis may well take pride. It is the purpose of the public schools to train the children of the Community for useful, happy lives, that they may realize in themselves the values of life and serve their day and generation. In these schools education is offered to all children without invidious discrimination, and liberal provision has been made for various needs. The age limit has recently been extended so as to include children under six years of age and persons over twenty. There are day schools and evening schools, elementary and high schools, and special schools for those who need individual attention.

The Gallaudet School has been established for the education of the deaf. Its course of study is thorough and practical and includes Manual Training, Domestic Arts and Science, and Drawing. The shops and drawing rooms of the high schools are open to its pupils who have reached the requisite stage of advancement. It so happens that I have the official supervision of this school for the deaf, and am pleased to have it so. I shall always be glad to do all in my power to the end that its pupils may become self-supporting, honorable, intelligent citizens, worthy members of society. It is my earnest wish that deaf children may be given every advantage of education and so enabled to enter the various avenues of employment and occupation open to men and women, "that they may have life and have it more abundantly." It is for the deaf to show such appreciation of the opportunities afforded by the public schools that no child deprived of the sense of hearing shall fail to derive all benefits to be secured by training hand, heart and mind.

\*\*\*

The last page of occasional issues of the Nebraska Journal contains an admirable statement by Supt. F.

W. Booth, of the Omaha institution, giving somewhat in detail the especial features of the school likely to interest parents and guardians of prospective pupils. Other school papers have carried statements of the same general import concerning the schools at which they are printed, but we do not recall ever having seen, except in the Nebraska Journal, any standing reference to Gallaudet College. The standing notice in the Nebraska Journal concerning the college leaves nothing to be desired and should be given a permanent place in every paper published in the interest of the deaf. Speaking of the School at Omaha the Nebraska Journal goes on to say:

"With the exception of methods employed, the course of instruction is practically identical to that used in the grammar schools of the state. The course covers twelve grades, and leads up to the entrance requirements for Gallaudet College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C. Pupils who successfully complete this course are granted diplomas; those who are unable to do so are given certificates of honorable dismissal. Those who reach the proper stage of advancement are encouraged to enter the college at Washington. This college is unique in the fact that it is the only institution of the kind in the world, where the more ambitious deaf are given opportunities for a higher education. And the graduates the college has turned out have been, and are, successful in almost all the various callings—business and professional alike. Accordingly, parents of deaf children should not feel that deafness will stand in the way of their child's success in life,—provided they see to it that the opportunity the state has so generously provided is taken advantage of. True, deafness is a handicap, and will, to a certain extent, bar the deaf from certain kinds of callings where hearing is absolutely essential, but an education greatly makes up for this. And for this reason alone, if for no other, parents should endeavor to give their deaf children all the benefits of an education. The college is supported by the national government, tuition and board being free."

Supt. Booth's attitude towards the college at Washington is eminently correct and a splendid example which the heads of a number of schools for the deaf could follow with great advantage to their pupils.

\*\*\*

In the Deaf-Mutes' Journal of Dec. 11, Mr. H. L. Stafford, of Duluth, gives his educational experience which is an interesting and valuable contribution to the discussion of methods of teaching the deaf. Mr. Stafford lost his hearing at the age of six and soon after that his education by means of the pure oral method was begun. Mr. Stafford's mother took him to see Alexander Graham Bell and also took private lessons from Dr. Bell so as to help her keep up his speech. One thing impressed upon Mr. Stafford's mother at that time, was the usual fallacious and pernicious admonition that the sign-language should never be used in his instruction. When his teacher could not explain the meaning of a word without resorting to natural signs she would dismiss it with the remark, "you will understand it by and by." Later on when Mr. Stafford contemplated entering the Clark oral school at Northampton, and the Horace Mann oral school at Boston he found that he would be graded and assigned to a class not according to his standing in his studies, but according to his ability to read the lip!

Mr. Stafford's father having observed that the combined system produced better results than the pure oral method, entered him at the Kendall School at Washington. Mr. Stafford was much disappointed to find that the sign-language was used at the Kendall School, but not wishing to displease his father decided to try the combined system for a year. The rest of Mr. Stafford's educational experience is better told by himself:

"I was put in the Advanced or High Class, taught by the principal, Mr. Dension, who was one of the finest teachers of the deaf in the coun-

try. It was then that I commenced learning the sign-language for the first time, and before long I saw its real usefulness, especially in that I could enjoy lectures which I never could under the pure oral method. My mother was at first displeased on learning that the sign-language was used at Kendall School, but before long she noticed a decided improvement in my English; and as my speech did not suffer in the least, since I attended an articulation class for half an hour every day, she became an enthusiastic advocate of the combined system before the end of the first year there. I made much better progress than ever before, learning more than twice as much in the same length of time under the combined system as I did under the pure-oral method. From Kendall, I entered Gallaudet College and graduated. "I believe that an opportunity should be given to all deaf children to learn to speak, but that

demand and will ever insist that manual spelling and the sign-language be accorded their important and proper place in every system of education of the deaf.

\*\*\*

We presume every clergyman, physician, teacher and others having to do with children whose names and addresses are available in the various year books in this country has received, or will receive, a circular similar to the one sent us recently which is given in full below:

December 17, 1913.

DEAR SIR:—Like every clergyman, you of course have frequent appeals for advice from persons who are confronted with the problems resulting from a total or partial loss of hearing or a defect in speech. The appeal may come from the afflicted person himself, or perhaps the parent of a deaf child or one who fails to learn proper articulation is seeking what may be done to alleviate the condition. The circumstances under which your advice is sought are of many varieties, but in any event, it is to you that a member of your charge turns in the hour of need.

When these appeals come, you must be sure that the answer you give is the right one. It is your duty to be certain that you can point out the right course to the applicant for aid and that you can give the advice that is approved by the very latest discoveries of experts in this work. The purpose of this letter is to inform you how best you may acquire the necessary knowledge.

There is published in Washington, D. C., a monthly magazine which is devoted entirely to aiding those who are defective in either hearing or speech. This magazine, *The Volta Review*, is the organ of an incorporated philanthropic organization of long standing (the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf,) and is enabled to carry on its work through the generous benefactions of Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone and a world famous scientist and educator. The enterprise is purely philanthropic and every dollar derived from any sources whatsoever, including the \$2.00 annual dues, is immediately returned to further the work of the Association and its magazine.

We have mailed you under separate cover a sample copy of the magazine, that you may see for yourself the character and value of the publication. If you agree with us that the regular receipt of the magazine is a necessity for the proper performance of your work, fill out the enclosed blank and return to us.

And above all bear the Association in mind when an appeal comes to you for information on the subject of hearing or speech. That is our work and we want you to help us perform it in the best possible way.

Sincerely yours,

THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

This is a touching appeal. We would like to believe that the Volta Bureau and the American Association are as much devoted to the education of the deaf as they avowedly are in promoting the teaching of speech to the deaf. However, the Volta Bureau and American Association have shown too much bias towards speech to warrant such a belief. Speech is possible without education and education is possible without speech. Of the two education is of vastly greater importance to the deaf. With a limited number of the deaf speech and education may be acquired simultaneously and to the best advantage. With others speech, so called, if acquired at all must be largely at the expense of education. To this the educated deaf strenuously object. The very existence of the American Association, founded to perpetuate a fad of its wealthy benefactor, only serves to augment the need of an endowment fund for the use of the National Association of the Deaf in its very necessary work of educating the public.

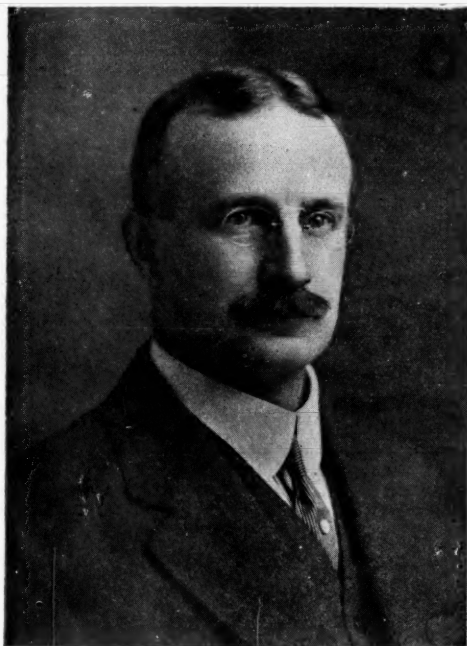
\*\*\*

While in St. Paul, recently we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. James Donahoe, the Roman Catholic city missionary of St. Paul. As city missionary the Rev. Mr. Donahoe also has charge of the spiritual welfare of the deaf. He has been receiving instruction in the sign-language for some time from Mr. Anton Schroeder and has acquired a degree of proficiency which is an effective aid in the great good work he is doing among the deaf. He recently issued a pamphlet

on "Our Silent People of the Northwest," which reveals a grasp of affairs, an appreciation of the difficulties, and a ready sympathy with the deaf that is truly commendable. The following is taken from the pamphlet referred to:

"There is much ignorance regarding the deaf. Many representative citizens have very limited knowledge of their silent neighbors. One must learn the deaf's language and get into intimate relations with them to realize how wrong are the views that are usually held regarding the deaf by otherwise intelligent people. One does not need, however, to be a disciple of the De l'Epee to know that this handicapped class are generally considered to be inferior intellectually and socially to their speaking neighbors.

"In obedience to the command of a superior the



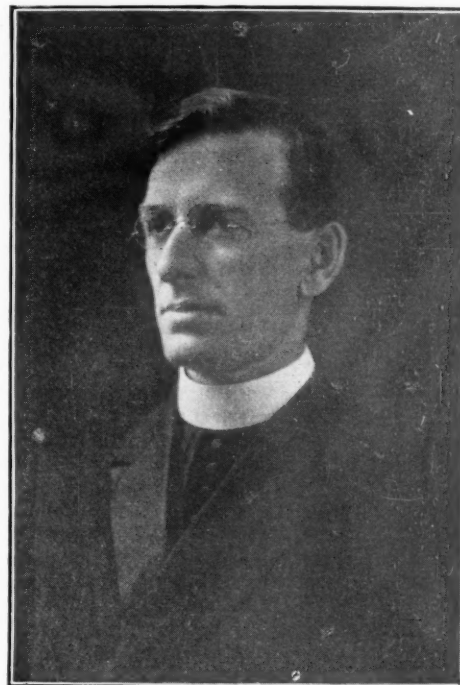
H. L. STAFFORD  
Duluth, Minn.

when any of them fail to make satisfactory progress within a reasonable length of time, as a considerably large percentage of them, especially of the congenital deaf, certainly will fail, no more time should be wasted in trying to make them speak, for it will be worse than useless. Some years ago when I visited the Hartford School for the Deaf, I noticed that one of the pupils in a primary class was much larger and older than the rest. The teacher explained that the boy had recently been transferred from the Northampton School, where they had wasted eleven years of his life trying to teach him to speak, but with little or no success, keeping him in the same class most of the time; but that since he entered the Hartford School, he had been doing remarkably well, for despite his inability to learn to speak, he was really a bright boy. If he had been put in Hartford School after his first or second year at Northampton, he would in all likelihood have graduated long ago. Such cases as this are by no means exceptional. My own experience at Northampton and Horace Mann School mentioned above proves the same in a different way. Moreover, it is a fact that comparatively few orally taught deaf succeed in passing the entrance examination at Gallaudet College, and still fewer graduate at all, not because they possess lower intellect than the others, but because more time has been spent on their speech than on their education.

"There is but one inevitable conclusion: The pure-oral method means speech with or without education, while the combined system means education with or without speech. Speech is a most desirable acquirement if coupled with education, for education is of vastly more importance to the deaf in the battle of life, even more than to the hearing themselves, since they can get along without it and the deaf can not.

"(Signed) H. L. STAFFORD."

The deaf prefer and will ever insist upon education with or without speech. They insist that precious school time shall not be wasted in the vain effort to acquire speech on the part of those who have no special aptitude for speech. They



THE REV. JAMES DONAHOE  
Roman Catholic City Missionary of St. Paul, Minn.

writer began the study of the sign-language. By being appointed spiritual director of the deaf-mutes in St. Paul and vicinity he became acquainted with a most interesting class of citizens. To fit oneself to freely converse with the deaf and preach to them is not an easy task. Only earnest and persistent efforts will develop the ability fruitfully to perform one's duties as teacher and moral guide of those deprived of hearing.

"The promoters of a National Deaf-Mute Conference must aim to gather pertinent facts regarding their people from all parts of the country. The topic assigned leaves no doubt of what is expected of me. The task is a little too big and I take the liberty of restricting myself to the deaf-mutes of Minnesota. It is estimated that there are about 3,000 deaf-mutes in our State. As there is no private school for them they are almost all educated at the State School for the Deaf at Fairbault. Owing to industrial training in the State school and a progressive spirit on the part of their leaders we have many deaf workers who are skilled in various trades and earning good salaries. On all hands is found a desire to be self-reliant. The public does not know how independent the deaf are. Some thoughtless, ill-informed people think they are beggars. This very unjust impression has spread abroad not through the fault of the deaf but through the rascality of speaking people, who act the part and beg with gain to themselves and loss of reputation of a high grade class of citizens. The impostor has gone the rounds time after time, and though occasionally found out usually makes considerable profit carrying on his nefarious work.

"Even when arrested he tries to keep up on appearances of being afflicted and speaks only when there is no possibility of his successfully faking any longer. Though the public is warned through the newspapers to be on their guard against this breed of parasites there yet remain a belief that some of those mendicants are deaf-mutes. It is difficult to remove those false views as they arise from the mistaken notion that the deaf (on account of their handicap) cannot all

be self-supporting. The social status of my silent friends can best be known by stating that during years of charity work in Minneapolis and St. Paul I have never been asked to provide the necessities of life for the children of deaf parents. The number of law-breakers among the deaf are very few. We are glad to say that there is not a single one in the State prison. As skilled workmen they take high rank. Some of them are earning a considerable income and have comfortable homes.

"At the last session of the Minnesota legislature a bill was passed providing for a division for the deaf in the Department of the Commissioner of labor. This is the first legislation of its kind anywhere enacted and marks a notable advance in the relations between the State and a heretofore underrated class of loyal citizens. The head of this division shall be called Chief of the Bureau of Labor for the Deaf and is given plenary powers in looking after the interests of his people. The operation of this law will be of great benefit to all. It will mean that greater attention will be paid to fitting the industrially trained so that they will have little difficulty in securing remunerative work. It will mean that employers will not be permitted to discharge a deaf man merely because of his being deaf and efforts will be made to place them at occupations where loss of hearing does not unfit a man to do his work satisfactorily. In getting this law through the legislature its advocates had more than one obstacle to overcome. It was only by persistent and intelligent efforts this excellent law was got through both houses. The greatest credit is due A. R. Spear, a manufacturer of envelopes in Minneapolis, and Anton Schroeder, an inventor whose home is in St. Paul. Both these men are deaf. Both have a national standing."

In addition to his work as spiritual director of St. Mary's Deaf-Mute Society the Rev. Mr. Donahoe is also the spiritual director of the Roman Catholic inmates of the State Home for Crippled Children, of the city and county Sanitarium for Consumptives, President of the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the Diocese of St. Paul, a special probation officer, a Director of the St. Paul Humane Society, a member of the Board of Directors of the Citizen's non-Partisan League and holds other minor positions. As regards teaching the deaf he is a strong advocate of the combined system.

\*\*\*

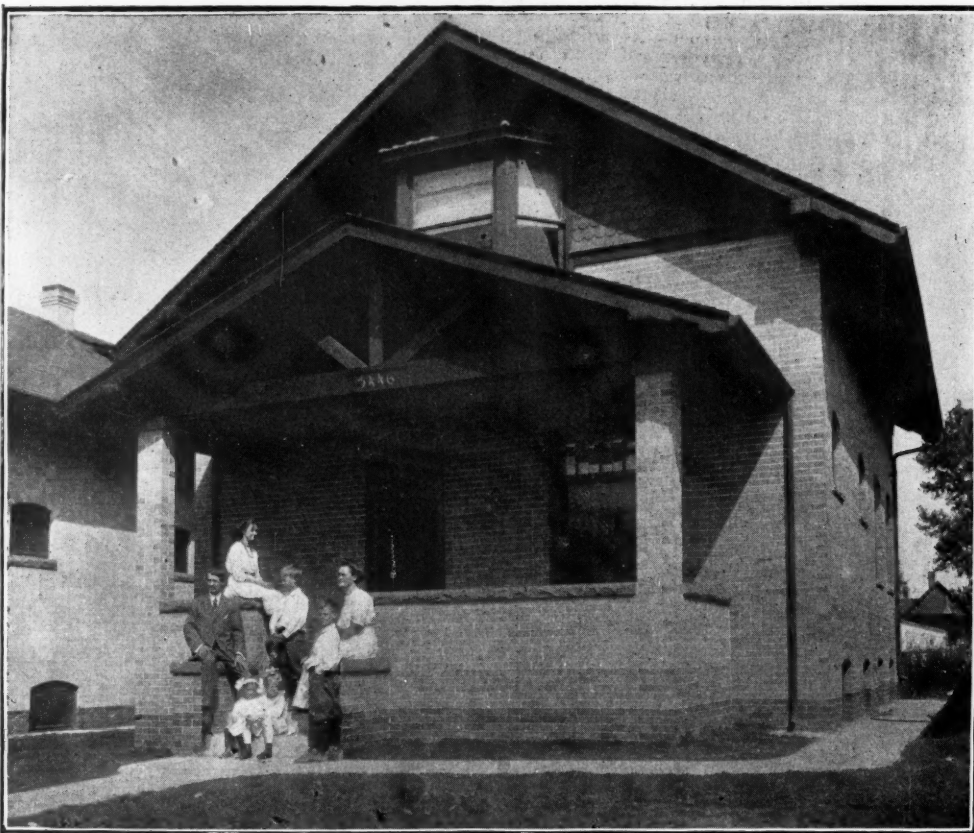
In Miss Cora E. Coe's Heart-to-Heart Talks in



NEW MODERN RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. ANTON SCHROEDER, ST. PAUL, MINN.



EDWARD AND ALFRED SCHROEDER, St. Paul, Minn.



MR. AND MRS. ALFRED L. KENT AND FAMILY AND THEIR NEW HOME IN DENVER

the WORKER for December, the author touches upon the order in which signs should be used. She maintains, and we agree with her, that the English order could very well be followed. That the English order is not as generally followed as it should be is no fault of the sign-language. As a liquid adapts itself to the shape of the vessel in which it is contained, so will the sign-language adapt itself to any order of the expression desired. In spite of its abuse by its friends and its being tabooed by its enemies the sign-language has always shown a vitality, an adaptability and scope that is truly wonderful. Its field of usefulness would be immeasurably enlarged and greatly enhanced if it was learned and used more in the English order and given an absolute and permanent divorce from physical contortions, facial grimaces, guttural noises, and explosive hand-clapping. There should be a return of the good old days when masters of the sign-language instructed others in the language instead of leaving it to be acquired haphazardly, some times from the worst of models, or not at all.

\*\*\*

Some twenty years ago I was present at a largely attended convention of the deaf. At one session I was late arriving at the assembly hall, and as the seats were mostly occupied, I remained standing near the entrance. A gentleman, noted for his comic use of signs, was on the platform trying to entertain his audience with funny stories. As Josh Billings and others of his school abused the English language shamefully, in order to amuse the reading public, so did the gentleman on the platform abuse the sign-language in his efforts to make the people laugh. Pretty soon Dr. E. M. Gallaudet passed me as he was leaving the hall and, indicating the gentleman on the platform, stopped to remark: "No wonder the oralists oppose the sign-language when they see signs like those being used over there."

\*\*\*

Speaking of the order in which signs may be used, reminds me of a banquet I attended some time ago. There was quite a number present, mostly

Gallaudet graduates and their wives. Among those who responded to toasts that evening were two Gallaudet graduates engaged in the same profession. Both were equally proficient in signs. One had lost his hearing in early infancy and could not speak. However, he was a fluent writer and used faultless English. The other had acquired normal speech before becoming deaf. After the banquet the informal talk narrowed down to the addresses made by these two gentlemen. Some claimed that they could follow the remarks of one better than the other and vice versa. A gentleman present noted this difference of opinion and proceeded to analyze it. The result he reached was that those who claimed to have experienced less difficulty in following the remarks of the deaf-mute speaker were themselves deaf-mutes, while those who thought it easier to follow the remarks of the semi-mute speaker were semi-mutes. The semi-mute speaker, for the most part, habitually signed in the English order and pronounced the words mentally as he signed them which made it less difficult for semi-mutes, who think in English, to follow him. Signs in the English order is a language aid and they should be taught, and their use required, in that order during the school age. A mastery of signs in the English order should be an essential qualification for every teacher of the deaf.

\*\*\*

There has been altogether too much *nom de plume* correspondence going on in the columns of the silent press. One such case is one too many. We are not referring to writers who send in local news items, as their identity is generally known in their own locality. It would be better, however, if every signed article was signed with the writer's real name. The use of a *nom de plume* is entirely unnecessary. It is especially reprehensible when a writer hides behind it, while assailing another who is named. No self-respecting editor of a paper, purporting to be decent, should stand for any such cowardly and underhanded proceeding.

JAMES H. CLOUD.

## FROM THE OLD WORLD

*Written Specially for the SILENT WORKER by Mdlle. Yvonne Pitrois.*

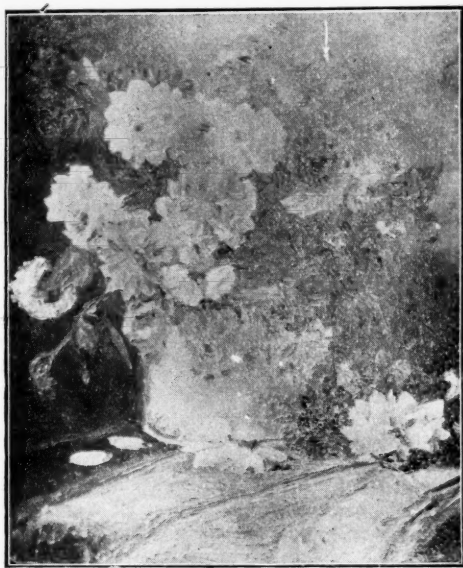
**A FRENCH DEAF LADY PAINTER**  
(Tenth Letter)

**T**O love flowers is a natural taste in every woman—and too, I believe, in many deaf persons, men and women; in fact, a great number of my silent friends, both on this side of the Big Pond and the other, find their chief pleasure and pastime in flowers and gardening. But, alas! soon are their flowers faded away and dead—in spite of the loving care they give them!

I have a deaf girl friend, however, who spends her life among flowers that she has created herself, which remains always fresh and blossoming, always bright! This young lady is not a fairy but she possesses a precious gift that make of her a real en-



MDLLE. MARIE-THERESE BRES  
The Deaf Painter of Flowers



DAHLIAS  
By Mdlle. Marie-Therese Bres



ROSES IN A GLASS OF WATER  
By Mdlle. Marie-Therese Bres

oil paintings and water colors, including no less than 76 pictures! The visitors of this exhibition were unanimous in praise of the great talent of the deaf artist, and all the papers of Marseilles and Southern France had commendatory articles of the "Marie-Therese Bres Exhibition."

In 1912, too, for the Bi-Centenary of the Abbe de l' Epee, the National Institution for the Deaf in Paris organized an exhibition of works—paintings and sculptures—of deaf artists actually living. Mdlle. Bres sent there three pictures, one of them: "An autumn nosegay," was especially admired, and bought by the Exhibition Committee. At this occasion, the Government conferred on the young woman the ribbon of Office of Academy.



ROSES NEAR A CHINA VASE  
By Mdlle. Marie-Therese Bres

chantress—she is a painter, and a painter of flowers.

Mdlle. Marie-Therese Bres,—such is her name, and a name already well-known in France, both in the deaf circles and in the artistic world,—first saw the light in Marseilles, our great Southern city, where her father was, at the time, Chief Inspector of the Custom House. The family is a very good one, and of noted literary and artistic tastes. The child was born totally deaf in one ear, but having a little hearing in the other ear; during her babyhood, she was nearly dumb too. The parents grieved over their daughter's affliction as bitterly as most of our parents have done over our own! Their sorrow was increased by the fact that their only other child, a boy, was likewise deaf and dumb by birth. This boy, Felix Bres, became also a talented artist; he is now married, and lives in Paris.

Seeing that all remedies and apparatus they had tried were unable to cure their daughter, Mr. and Mme. Bres decided to place her in the school for the Deaf in Marseilles, where she began to be taught by the oral method. Two years after, Mr. Bres having received a charge in Paris, Marie-Therese entered a private boarding school for the deaf children of rich families, conducted in the neighborhood of Paris by a lady, Madame Houdin, who died quite recently. There, the little girl received a very good education, a thorough teaching in all branches of sciences and arts, and mastered speech so well that to-day she speaks as easily and fluently as a hearing person. She is a splendid lip-reader too, and, having pre-

served a little hearing, she is quite at ease to converse with any one; she is deprived, however, of general conversations.

From Paris, the family moved to Lille, the big city of the north of France, exactly at the extreme of Marseilles; they lived there several years. It is in Lille that the artistic vocation of Melle. Brese was born; the girl began to receive private lessons in drawing and painting, and followed the courses of the school of the Fine Arts, where she has already won in competitions with her hearing comrades prizes and medals for her water-colors.

Then another sojourn in Paris took place, and, in our great metropolis, the young artist found many new chances to cultivate her talent, by receiving lessons from a great painter, visiting our national galleries, Louvre, Luxembourg, etc. For the first time, a painting of hers was received at the Paris "Salon" (annual exhibition of Arts) in 1910,—it was the real beginning of her public career, and the eve of her young reputation, which has so promptly increased in the short space of three years and a half.

At this epoch, Mr. Bres having retired from his charge, the family definitely settled in Marseilles, the native place of Marie-Therese, where Madame Bres died shortly afterwards. The loss of her dear mother was a great sorrow for the young lady. Since then, she has lived with her father and managed the housekeeping, while continuing her artistic work. Early in 1912, she organized in a Gallery a public exhibition of her own works,

In 1913, another picture of flowers, by Mdlle. Bres, has been accepted by the Paris Salon. In the meantime, she exhibited her work in several places and occasions, and was the winner of rewards and medals. She is a member of the Artists' Club of Marseilles, and of other similar societies.

Mdlle. Bres has painted several landscapes, of the open country and sea of the Riviera and Marseilles surroundings. But, for the present, her speciality is in the painting of flowers, knick-knacks, fruits, still life,—flowers above all! She is a most excellent colorist, of poetical and graceful mind, and easily she gives a soul to her exquisite models—roses, daisies, chrysanthemums, dahlias, violets, pansies, sweet peas, carnations, tulips, anemones, wallflowers, and so on. She has the rare gift of presenting them to their best advantage—either if she lays them down on the cover of an old book or on a rich damask table-cover, or if she places them in a precious vase or in a simple glass of fresh water. We offer to our readers some photographs of her works—unfortunately they lose very much in reproduction, they are deprived of their greatest fascination — their glorious touches of gold, purple, green, or their sweet tints of pink, yellow, lilac, white, graduated with an infinite art. The best authorities foretell a great future to Mdlle. Bres. Let us gladly believe in the prophesy. Deaf artists have been numerous in all times, but with a few exceptions, deaf lady artists have not yet accomplished any considerable work of merit. Sure-

ly Marie-Therese Bres will attain a prominent place in our little world, and add one name more to our Hall of Fame.

Of very amiable and attractive personality, Mdlle. Bres is a favorite among her friends. But her best hours, she spends in her studio, with her silent little companions, her beloved flowers—the living ones she copies out, and to the painted ones she gives life. She is also a devoted companion to her father, an elderly gentleman of great intellectual culture, who now edits a leading newspaper of Marseilles. From a private letter Mdlle. Bres wrote me recently, I quote these lines, which give a delightful idea of the home life of both father and daughter:

"We continue to spend time very peacefully here. Father reads and writes a great deal; I am painting, and sometimes I help father by reading to him aloud, for his sight is somewhat impaired. We are here and then going out for walks, or to pay visits to our family or friends. We are happy....."

It would be a great pleasure to Mdlle. Bres to hear of other artists in similar lines of art as herself, and she is quite willing to sell some of her works to amateurs in America. Apply directly to her: Mademoiselle Marie-Therese Bres, 152, rue Paradis, Marseilles, France.

One of  
Marie  
Therese  
Bres'  
Exhibits



## Consecration of the New All Souls' Church, Philadelphia

By. JAMES S. REIDER



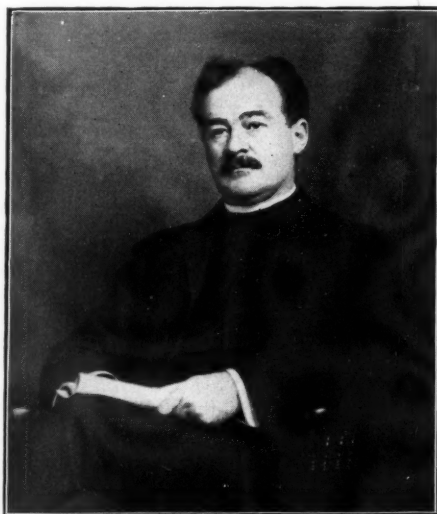
HE consecration of a church for the exclusive use of the deaf is as yet a rare event in the history of church work among the deaf and when it does happen it causes a two-fold effect; i. e., imparts a fresh impetus to church workers, and conduces to the good of the work, both locally and in other places where similar work is maintained; rarer still is it given one generation of deaf to witness such a physical transformation as has come unto All Souls' Church for the Deaf and to enjoy the blessings vouchsafed by it; for let it be recalled that the grave has closed over a long list of faithful adherents since the first consecration.

A glance backward twenty-five years and some odd days when All Souls' Church was consecrated as the first church exclusively for the deaf in America may not be out of place here. Well do we remember that auspicious occasion. It certainly was instrumental in bringing about a most favorable turn in the condition of the deaf of Philadelphia. Only those living today who had been witnesses of the old conditions know what this means. We can not go into details here. But there was ALL SOULS' CHURCH—like a dream that came true—with its blessed mission of love, pity, and mercy for "all souls," at whose fountain none was too humble to drink, and where all were drawn together to hear the Gospel and to receive light. To the hearing person, who had any number of churches to satisfy the thirst of his soul, this was nothing out of the ordinary; but to the deaf it was something new, a joyful privilege and a thankful consummation of the work for which they had labored so long, some hopefully and others more or less despairingly. When we think of this happy event, that is, the consecration of a quarter of a century ago, we regard it second in importance only to the establishment of our school for the deaf, both of whom have contributed so much to make the deaf what they are today.

But, in their great joy, it seemed that hardly any one of the faithful followers of the late Reverend Henry Winter Syle dared to look beyond the quaint church on Franklin Street, which, after long and patient waiting, and journeyings from place to place, seemed now to be their "land of Canaan." Indeed, it seemed to them all that they could ever hope for.

Their spiritual leader, Mr. Syle, however, held a more hopeful view. Although having acquired an

humble beginning in the old building, he still felt the need of an "institutional" church for the deaf of so large a city as Philadelphia. He talked openly about his plans, but in the surprising short space of a year and almost a month from the time of the



REV. C. O. DANTZER  
Pastor of All Souls' Church

consecration of the Church (December 8, 1888) he was called from his labors on earth. His loss to All Souls', and as the "Moses" of the deaf of the Episcopal Faith in this city, was peculiarly sad, untimely, and great. Fourteen years after the church fell heavily into debt and the congregation was more or less demoralized; the subject of an institutional church had remained in its embryonic state through all these years, and the condition of things made a change of administration desirable. The change eventually came with the advent of the present incumbent; the Church was freed of debt; strenuous and systematic work in the last ten years brought back prosperity to the Church and increased its property value from \$7,500, (the selling price of the old church property,) to no less than \$55,000, without including certain legacies from which incomes

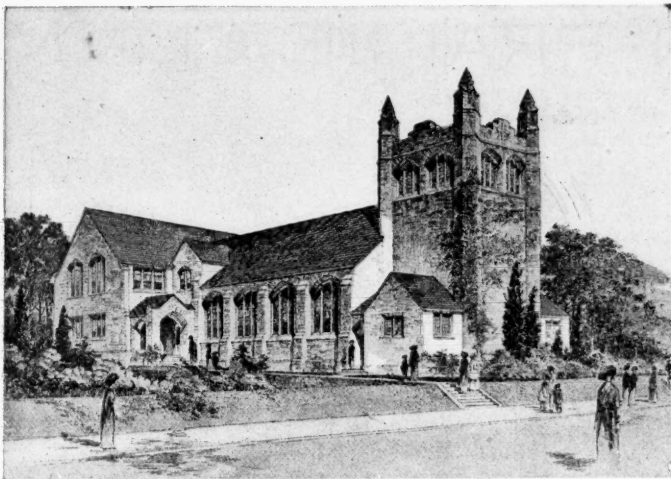
are derived. With this money has been builded and equipped a handsome, new and modern church building and parish-house together, on the West side of Sixteenth Street above Allegheny Avenue, in a most desirable neighborhood. So it stands today.

Here the thought that animates us most is that, if the old church could bring about the changes, progress and results that have been slightly referred to above, the new one may also count for a great deal, and, perhaps, become an even greater factor in promoting the welfare of the deaf by the increased facilities afforded now and by the possibility of future additions.

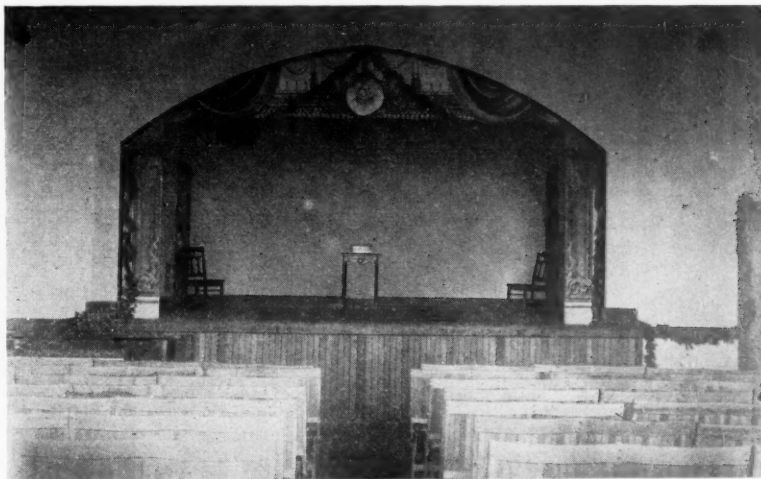
Thus the first Consecration of All Souls' Church was an event of greater significance than even its most sanguine friends had ventured to predict, excepting possibly Mr. Syle. How significant also may be the consecration of the new All Souls', not only in this Diocese, but also in others where its work will be noted and its influence felt as surely as the sun rises and sets!

On that memorable Saturday morning of the twentieth of December, 1913, the new All Souls' Church was consecrated "with a ceremony which had a strange solemnity for those to whom it was a novelty," as one of the city papers expressed it. Another paper, which devoted nearly a column to an account of the event together with a large half-tone illustration of the church and a portrait of the pastor, declared it to be "one of the most unique services ever conducted in a church." While the service itself, the order of which is found in the Prayer Book, is a most beautiful and impressive one, the things which contributed to make it more so were the rarity of the occasion, the array of clergy in their vestments, and the conduct of the service orally and by the sign-language simultaneously. Thus novelty was provided for both the hearing and the deaf. Fortunately, the weather on this day was most propitious for this occasion, a clear, spring-like day. The church was filled nearly to its full capacity, many hearing people being among the congregation and some of the deaf had come from long distances, some from New York, Trenton, Allentown, Reading, Ashland, Wilmington, Chester, and other places. The chancel was decorated with flowers and palms.

At about 10:30 o'clock the procession of clergy,



THE NEW SOULS' CHURCH



LECTURE HALL IN PARISH HOUSE OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH

which had formed in the lower hall of the Parish House, which is separated from the church by a broad hall or vestibule, entered the church and moved slowly down the centre aisle, headed by the vested choir of women, composed of Miss Gertrude Parker, Miss Jeanette King, Mrs. Viola King, Miss Lillian Shepherd, Miss Elizabeth Peiffer, Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, Mrs. T. D. Delp, and Miss Elizabeth Menz. Members of the Board of Managers followed, Messrs. Geo. T. Sanders, Chas. M. Pennell, Charles Partington, Robert E. Underwood, Thomas E. Jones, and Jos. S. Rodgers; then the Lay-Readers, Messrs. James S. Reider, William H. Lipsett, and E. W. Frisbee. The deaf clergy came next, Reverends O. J. Whilden, of Baltimore, Md.; H. C. Merrill, of Washington, D. C.; F. C. Smielau, of Allentown Pa.; B. R. Allabough, of Cleveland, Ohio; C. O. Dantzer; other Clergy, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, of New York; Rev. Norman Van Pelt Levis, of Church of the Incarnation, and Secretary to the Pennsylvania Diocesan Commission on Church Work Among the Deaf, also the Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Louis C. Washburn, S. T. D., of Old Christ Church; and about a dozen other clergymen in full vestments, whose names we could not procure; and lastly the Bishop Suffragan, the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Garland, D.D. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Rev. Dr. Washburn, Rev. Mr. Levis, and Rev. Mr. Dantzer occupied the chancel with the Bishop, while the rest of the clergy sat in front pews. A pew had also been reserved for members of the Syle family.

The Bishop Suffragan read the opening offices of the Consecration Service, Rev. Dr. Chamberlain interpreting. The Rev. Mr. Levis, representing the Diocesan Commission and the donor, who had requested that his name should not be made known with the gift, read the instrument of Donation, which Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, who is also a member of the Commission, interpreted by signs. Prayers followed, led by the Bishop; then the Rev. Mr. Levis read the Sentence of Consecration, after which the Bishop said the following prayer:

Blessed be thy Name, O Lord, that it hath pleased thee to put it into the hearts of thy servants to appropriate and devote this house to thy honour and worship; and grant that all who shall enjoy the benefit of this pious work, may show forth their thankfulness, by making a right use of it, to the glory of thy blessed Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Here ended the Conservation proper.

Hymn 295 was then announced and the choir filed orderly out of their stalls and standing in a line across the front of the chancel, rendered in graceful rhythmic unison the following beautiful hymn from memory:

Thy Temple is not made with hands,  
Tis lit by many a golden star;  
The purple heights of mountain lands  
Its everlasting pillars are.

Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,  
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!

Yet enter in, and bless the fane  
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.

Unworthy gift and touched with fears,  
And memories of our loved at rest;  
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,  
And be Thy presence here confest.

For welcome to the babe new-born,  
For strenthning hands on bended head,  
For blessings on the marriage morn,  
And sweet words whispered o'er the dead;

For food divine to souls sufficed,  
For words that warn, for prayers that press,  
Arise and enter in, O Christ!  
And with Thy presene all things bless.

So praise to Thy great Name shall rise  
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,  
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,  
Forever and for evermore.

This part of the service, because of its novelty before the eyes of hearing people and the fact that one of the choir women, Miss Shepherd, read the words of the hymn aloud while signing it simultaneously and keeping perfect time with the rest, evoked considerable comment after the service.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Louis C. Washburn, a member of the Commission, at the request of the Bishop Suffragan, and was a masterly discourse. His text was Acts 11:4—And they were filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

The subject was "THE CONSECRATION OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, a climax of, and a challenge to spiritual conquest."

The dedication of the new church to the memory of the Reverend Henry Winter Syle, its founder and first Pastor, by a layman, was put on record in the sermon by several references to it. Dr. Washburn read from a desk in the centre of the outer part of the chancel, while Dr. Chamberlain interpreted it from the pulpit on the right side. The sermon will undoubtedly be printed for distribution later on.

After the sermon the choir again faced the large congregation and rendered Hymn 221 in the same creditable manner that it did the first one. The Communion Service was then proceeded with to the end. The Bishop Suffragan was celebrant and he was assisted by the Rev. Drs. Washburn and Chamberlain and the Rev. Mr. Dantzer, who also interpreted this service throughout. The impressive service came to a close with the Benediction by the Bishop.

Mr. Adelbert B. Daivs, of Sandusky, Ohio, is one deaf man who has made a great success in a special and unusual line of work. For years he has been proprietor of the Daivs Boat Works Company, a large concern and one that keeps thoroughly up to date, being especially noted for its motor boats.—*Michigan Mirror.*

## Sophia Fowler Gallaudet

A Sketch Read at All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, December 10th, 1913

BY MRS. GEORGE T. SANDERS

**A**T first thought it seemed odd that I should have been requested to prepare a sketch of Sophia Gallaudet since I am a product of public schools only; on second thought, it proved to be eminently proper as my father and mother were pupils at Hartford and New York respectively and knew and loved both Rev. Thomas Gallaudet and Mrs. Gallaudet.

On this tenth day of December, while all the country is glorifying and revering the memory of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, let us learn something of her who was his beloved wife and help-meet. It is my pleasure to teach you.

For the greater part of my account I am indebted to a pamphlet entitled: "Sophia Gallaudet," written and published in 1877, by Dr. Amos G. Draper, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

Sophia Fowler was born near Guilford, Connecticut, March 20, 1798. As the days passed, the parents with anguished hearts, slowly realized that Sophia was deaf. In those days deafness was a terrible affliction for it was not understood, nor was there any idea that a deaf child could be educated. There were three schools in Europe, but as communication between that country and America was extremely limited, the fact that there were schools for the deaf was scarcely known, so one can easily realize that, to her parents, Sophia's case was hopeless—that she seemed doomed to be a "shut-out"—an alien in her own country. But while she was shut out of intellectual growth, her spirit and health, the legacy of a long race of independence and strength, grew and as the years passed, she developed into a splendid type of womanhood such as is rarely seen today. Her dark hair and eyes, her pleasant temperament and her vivacious manner made her a very charming woman.

When Sophia was nineteen years old, her parents heard that some gentlemen in Hartford were about to establish a school for the deaf; later, her father took her to New Haven, Connecticut, to meet them and it was then she met the man who was later to be her husband.

Three years before, in 1814, to be exact, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet became interested in Alice Cogswell, the little deaf-mute daughter of a neighbor, Dr. Cogswell.

Sophia Fowler became his pupil, being the fifteenth in order. Once the gates of knowledge were opened, Sophia entered the wonderful new land, eager, ambitious and making remarkable advancement.

Dr. Gallaudet had promptly succumbed to her  
*Continued on page 93*

## LIFE ON A WESTERN PRAIRIE CLAIM

BY MRS. E. L. SCHETNAN



EAR SILENT WORKER:—I presume some of my eastern friends and schoolmates may be interested in hearing about life on a western prairie claim, and I have long intended writing a letter for publication that all might read; but more necessary duties always caused me to postpone it.

When I was a pupil at dear Mt. Airy my good teacher, the present editor of the Silent Worker, used to tell our class that when I would really get settled in my chosen vocation of teaching, I would give it up and get married, and, of course, my teacher was right, and here I am married.

I drew this claim at the opening of the Cheyenne River and Standing Rock Indian lands to settlement, and have resided on it since filing. When we first came out the nearest railroad station was fifty miles away, and no one lived within nine miles of us. Range cattle by the thousands pastured on the land, and our callers were only cow-boys who would ride up to the door to ask for a cup of water. Wolves were seen by us almost every day.

The first winter was not a hard one, and we had no stock to look after that winter, so we did not suffer from the cold. We had our shack sodded up to the roof so it was quite comfortable and we lived very pleasantly.

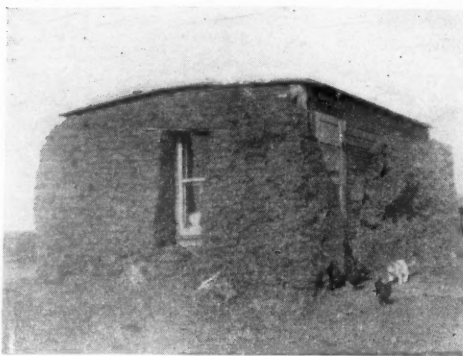
The land out here, known as the Fox Ridge Country, is very fertile, and like all other settlers, we expected to raise bumper crops. In the spring my husband bought four horses and the necessary farm machinery to do farming himself; broke about twelve or fifteen acres and planted it to corn, flax, oats and barley, but we did not get any rain from the first of May until the last of June, so seed did not start to grow until then, and consequently did not mature for cutting before the early winter set in that year, so no one got any crops. However, we had corn on the ear, string beans, fine turnips and potatoes that year,—and it was more than our neighbors had.

The following year settlers came in large numbers, and every claim for miles around was taken up and a shack built upon it. But now out of seventeen claim shacks in sight from our place, only three are now occupied, and they are over a mile and a half away, so I feel more isolated this winter than I did the first winter when we had one neighbor, a quarter of a mile away, who dropped in to see us almost every day.

During the second summer prairie fires were of almost daily occurrence. Some blamed the cow-boys for them, and said that they wanted to burn the settlers out. Once it was only by very hard work plowing fire-breaks that my husband saved mine and my sister's claims from being burned over.

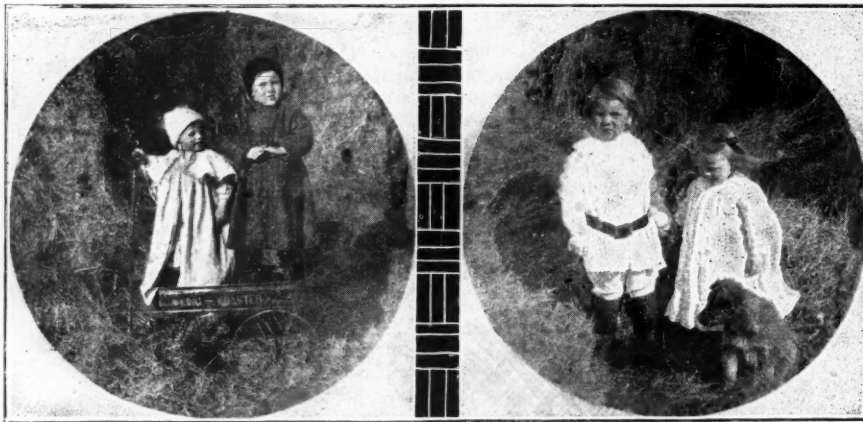
My sister bought a relinquishment adjoining my claim the year after we settled here, but did not reside upon it until a year after filing. She recently proved up and returned to Pennsylvania.

The year 1911 was made memorable to me by a cyclone which destroyed a neighbor's house not a hundred rods from ours, and it took a whole lot of bravery out of me, too. Now when I see a storm coming I take our babies and "hike" down into a cave. But there have been no more cyclones passing close to us since then.



MR. AND MRS. SCHETNAN'S PRAIRIE HOME

The following winter was a hard one. The mercury dropping as low as 40 below zero. But my husband rode nine miles to Dupree to work at printing two or three days every week through it all, the crop failures, owing to drought, having made it necessary for him to seek other means of support, and he has continued to work at it steady from one to four days a week, as needed, for the past three years.



WINFRID AND LEWIS SCHETNAN

WINFRID MARIE AND LEWIS REED SCHETNAN

The summer of 1912 was a good crop year, there being an abundance of rain; but owing to the fact that the sod was not yet broken more than four or five inches deep, the anticipated big crops were not realized, though most of the settlers made their expenses, and had their seed for the next year, and their faith in the country to produce big crops took a rise, so that large crops were planted this year. But alas! after the grain was up in May there was no rain until August 6th, and hot southern winds prevailed for weeks burning up all the crops. Thus out of four years there was but one good crop year. This year has been the hardest for me, in that we did not even get a bit of garden, only about eight bushels of potatoes. But I am not going to give up. Next year I will make my garden in the draws between the water-holes in a dry creek and, if necessary, water it from the well. We have a good well near the draw about twenty feet deep and eight feet of good soft water.

The long drought this year caused most of the settlers to give up and leave the country. If it were not for my husband's ability to work at a trade—learned in a school for the deaf,—we would not be here now either. This goes to prove the value of trades taught in the schools for the deaf. My husband is also a college man, having attended St. Olof College of Northfield, Minn., and a graduate linotype operator from the Inland Print-

er's Technical School of Chicago. He is strongly in favor of linotype instruction in schools for the deaf.

This climate is very healthful and our children are as bright and sturdy as any children that could be found on the reservation, and do much to brighten claim life, and we are determined to stick to our home, realizing that it is those who stick that are best off in the end. The people who are staying are those with money to buy stock—this being a fine country for cattle. The native grasses are very nutritious, and cattle raising is going to pay, for there is sure to be a shortage in beef cattle during the next few years. The opening of Indian lands to homesteaders has driven away the big cattle companies. The price on meat is sure to take a big jump. The shortage is not felt yet, but is bound to be felt during the next few years, so instead of trying to adapt the country to ourselves, or knocking because we lost some in crops that failed, we are trying to adapt ourselves to the country. We now have ten head of cattle with four cows milking, and sell cream to a cream station opened in Dupree last spring. Our cows have only the native grasses and hay for feed this year. My husband got two cuttings of hay on open land this year—about fifteen tons, so we have sufficient feed to pull us through

the winter, even in a year of total crop failures. But this is a fine country for alfalfa, and generally so for corn. Hereafter we will plant corn and alfalfa, and hope in the near future to put in a silo, and raise cows, beef cattle and horses. After we get a sure start in alfalfa, we may add hogs to the list. It is said hogs are the enemies of rattle snakes, so we will need to have some to keep the rattlers away. A neighbor killed thirty-two this summer. I never let our little ones go out of the house to play in summer on account of them, though I have never met but one live one myself.

This country having been proved not to be an agricultural country, a bill has been introduced into Congress to allow settlers three hundred and twenty acres for stock raising, and Senator Sterling, of South Dakota, has presented another bill that real homesteaders shall receive the land for what they have already paid, or not over \$1.25 per acre, commutation proof, and if these bills pass they will be a boon to the settlers who come here to make homes and have stayed by the country amid discouragement and failure.

Now I have given you a glimpse of life on the prairie just as it is. The winters are neither so long nor so hard as folks back east believe. Why, some folks were still cutting hay after Thanksgiving. We had our first snow-fall this year, Dec. 2nd, and it has just began to get cold. But we always have warm days again after a cold spell. The weather changes very quickly out here.

And life is not strenuous for all the claim-holders. One class, whom we call the "suit-case," who come only to stay the necessary fourteen months to prove up a claim for investment, lead a life of social gayety and ease, attending dances, dinners, club-meetings, and riding horse-back over the prairie and hunting, etc., and when the time expires they return whence they came from.

MRS. E. L. SCHETNAN.



By A. L. Pach, 570 Fifth Avenue, New York



F course to any one who has been deaf as long as most of us have, there is practically nothing that can awaken any such thing as hope of hearing again, despite the saying that "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Thirty-three years ago when deafness was a new thing to me, everything was full of hope—even after the family doctor had told me that I would never hear again, there were hopeful visits to Pooley, Born, Agnew, de Roosa (who, by the way, recalled my visit twenty-seven years after, though we had never met meanwhile,) and other eminent aurists all giving the same answer—"case hopeless." Then for years, at intervals, I heard of sundry people's aunts in Baltimore; cousins in Germany; uncles in Missouri, etc., etc., all cured by this, that or the other thing. One may not, offend one's well meaning friends when they persist in pointing the way to a cure.

Their intentions are the best—and when they told me that the Doctor in the case they referred to could cure me as well, I told them that any Doctor who could cure total deafness had his fame and fortune made—and was in no need of looking for patients as the patients, in literal droves would find him.

At this I have seen friends throw up their hands, and indicate by their gestures, "Oh, very well, if you don't want to be cured, stay deaf!"

Like all my fellow deaf everywhere, I suppose—I do want to be cured, but I know the futility of the desire.

All this by way of preface to several recently published statements by reputable medical men that as soon as radium is a better understood agent it will probably cure total deafness. Now I am no "alarmist," and a mere statement of this kind even when backed up by a Doctor of Medicine, who is also a scientist, makes me feel that we should be a bit encouraged, not on our own account, at least not those of us who are old, but the younger element surely have good reason to hope.

"The world do move." We see it expand every day. Things that are now regarded as commonplace would have been derided twenty years ago.

Telegraphing across the ocean without wires, "Silly Joke!" Talking across the continent, "Crazy Fake!" Taking out a man's brain, removing diseased parts, replacing it again, "A palpable absurdity!"

But such a myraid of wonderful things are accomplished facts, and with the aid of the Roentgen X-rays to blaze the way and make extended examination of every case possible and the aid of radium, which though literally in its infancy, promises more than anything else ever did for the deaf.

A simple operation for the removal of the appendix saves thousands of lives annually, yet only a short time ago patients died of inflammation of the bowels and the doctor sat by helpess.

Until quite recently, diphtheria's ravages usually meant certain death—now anti-toxin has robbed the disease of most of its terrors.

I would like to hear again—the desire is very improbable of seeing its realization—nor do I care that it will not be realized—not to say that I do not want to hear—of course such a statement is an absurdity. What I mean, in other words is that while it is extremely unlikely that I shall ever again

know what sound is—it is less unlikely this 17th day of January, 1914, than it ever was before. As the world gets older, it gets better and the ever present struggle by men of science to accomplish good by lessening all the ills that human flesh is heir to makes each day a better day for those that live to see it than the world has known before.

For hundreds of years little headway was made. People did things as their forefathers did then—they followed the line of least resistance and got no where.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries witnessed more in achievement for human good than all the previous ages combined had seen. With all the wonderful developments the past two generations have witnessed, why isn't it wholly probable that before two more generations have been gathered to their fathers there will be neither deafness nor blindness?

The worst night for anyone to have to be outdoors, for many a long moon, was Saturday, January 3rd, and on this night New York proved its bigness by two events of interest to the deaf. One was the annual dinner of the Union League of Deaf-Mutes, and their ladies, which was attended by over a hundred, who enjoyed what many present state was the best banquet ever placed before a deaf-mute club.

The same storm the Union Leaguers had to weather was also met by between six and seven hundred members and friends of members of Brooklyn Division No. 23, N. F. S. D. Through a misunderstanding for which no one in particular was wholly to blame, Imperial Hall where they entertain each year, did not hold the Frat's date for them, and no other date suited, and no other hall could be had, except the one they secured, and had it not been a rainy night there would have been hundreds turned away. As it was, the Frats and their friends danced the rainy hours away, after enjoying the parade of the maskers, and admiring the many ingenious costumes. Next year the Frats will entertain at the old, safe and commodious Imperial Hall, and no matter what the weather developments of the night may be, the Frats are the peers of any as entertainers.

In these days of activity and endeavor by deaf men and women, it is very odd to see one deaf man decrying the work of a lot of his fellows, for here is my old friend Prof. Albert Berg making public reference to the Fraternal Society with reproach and sarcasm. I happen to know that in the summer months the genial Berg is a life insurance attache in Chicago, of some big old line company, but that does not make him an authority, any more than a clerk in the freight claim department of a railway is an authority on Railroad, however good a clerk he may be.

But what a commentary it is on our friend's perspicacity, when he publicly deplores the fact that the deaf may be sympathized with because of their infirmity, when they organize to get rights they cannot get otherwise. Not long ago, I read of President Howard's appointing Mr. Berg to a N. A. D. Committee Chairmanship (and I wondered at it too, because Mr. Berg has not been present at a N. A. D. meeting since St. Louis, and hundreds and hundreds who were present at meetings since, should have had Committee appointments in preference to non-attendants) and I am wondering how my friend Berg can accept when he does not approve of this sort of thing.

Again, will Brother Berg please state, publicly, what organizations of the hearing accept us deaf people, and give us the same right and privileges that the normal members have? I'd like to know one. I know there are some that admit deaf people, but I never heard of any that allow a deaf man to get anywhere. This isn't any one's fault. Deafness closes the door to many avenues of activity and usefulness, and if we cannot reach the

top in a hearing lodge, a hearing church, or a hearing club, then we are more than justified in having our own lodges, our own clubs and our own churches, so there will be no limitations to bound, our aspirations.

When a hearing man asks a deaf one what the lodge emblem on his coat means, and is told that it is an organization of deaf men, started a few years ago, and now having over 1600 members, with over \$42,000.00 capital, and 45 subordinate lodges, what better advertisement of their progressiveness, enterprise and self-help can the deaf have?

I have read Brother Berg's department in the Hoosier, and have seen him speak highly of one fraternal insurance organization of the deaf, and am wondering why he cannot be as fair to the other.

If there is anything he wishes to learn, Brother Berg, who is a teacher in the great Indiana school for the deaf, can learn all he does not know or understand, from the Grand President of the N. F. S. D. who resides in the same city with him.

At the same time, there is a strong Division in Indianapolis, and I think it is up to the boys there to show Brother Berg wherein he errs and not only that, hurts all his fellow deaf, and a brilliant man, a cultured graduate of college, and an educator of the deaf, should be the last man in the world to say the slightest thing to hurt, in any manner whatever.

Good wine needs no bush, and the steady growth of the Fraternal Society speaks for itself, and if a man does not see his way clear to getting in himself, in justice to his fellow-men, he should do nothing to detract from the good work of others.

A. L. PACH.

#### DEAF MAN EARNS AND GIVES BIG SUM; HE MAY LOSE IT

Louis Toth, 9108 Frederick ave., mute since he was four, is doing and has done more than thousands of Cleveland boys with normal educational and physical advantages.

Toth is an expert mechanic.

He has earned sufficient to pay for his board and clothes and to enable his father to buy two pieces of real estate.

And since he became of age he has saved in addition \$1900.

Toth, unmarried, has lived with his parents, Daniel and Clara Toth. He has made an average of \$75 a month since he learned his trade. Every month he turned over an average of \$65 to his father who died a few months ago.

Now Toth stands a chance of losing the greater part of his savings, which at his father's death became a part of the estate.

His mother, who is administratrix, to prevent this, filed in probate court Tuesday an application to have the funds declared to have been held in trust for the son and placed in a bank to his credit. The mother declares that the son earned twice as much as his father part of time.—*Cleveland paper.*

#### A DEAF RAILROADER

Walter Toma is one of the few deaf railroad clerks in Missouri. He has been employed in the local Frisco freight offices in St. Louis for nearly five years. He gets a two weeks' vacation and a pass for himself and family every year. Last August he and Mr. Toma, who used to be Bessie Speaker, spent the two weeks' sailing on the Great Lakes, and visiting Niagara Falls.—*Missouri Record.*

Edgar P. Morehouse, although an octogenarian, a graduate of the New York school in 1853, still continues active, filling the position of janitor to two banks in Williamstown, Mass. He is in good health and expects to die in harness.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

# Silent Worker.

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

**PUBLISHED MONTHLY** from October to July inclusive, at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.  
**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:** 50 cents a year, invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, 70 cents.  
**ADVERTISING RATES** made known on application. The high literary character of the paper and its general appearance make it a valuable advertising medium. It reaches all parts of the United States and goes to nearly every civilized country on the globe.  
**ALL CONTRIBUTIONS** must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.  
**THE SILENT WORKER** is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.  
**ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION** should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.  
**REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS** will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.  
**ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO**  
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXVI FEBRUARY, 1914 No. 5

The January Annals, with its wealth of good things, is again with us. It should be read from cover to cover by every one interested in the education of the deaf.

Mr. R. C. Montague has severed his connection with the Virginia School for the Deaf. This is a misfortune, but not to Mr. Montague, whose position in the work is such that any institution in the land where there is a vacancy will be glad to have his services.

## ANOTHER USE

The motion picture machine is already taking a place in the teaching of speech. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has, for some time, been losing her power to hear, and within the past few months her condition has become such that Mr. Rockefeller has engaged an expert to give to her daily lessons in speech and lip-reading.

While attending the convention in Cleveland, he was impressed with the ability with which many of the delegates read the lips and "heard" through their eyes the address delivered by Mayor Baker. Now a teacher has been employed to instruct Mrs. Rockefeller, and a moving picture machine has been installed as an aid to the work. The films are run off slowly and the position of the lips and vocal organs are being carefully analyzed and explained as they are pictured on the canvas. Already Mrs. Rockefeller has made marked progress and the "movies" have been of great assistance in the work.

## AS IT SHOULD BE

Dr. Montessori's book, translated by Frederick Tabor Cooper, is a complete resume of her work. In addition to a full

explanation of her methods, it contains an anthropological treatment of the human being, presenting general principals of biology, a study of craniology, of the skin and the pigments, and an application of biometry. Moreover, it furnishes practical forms for the acquiring of biological data with regard to the pupil.

This is as it should be. The study of the pupil should be psychological as well as morphological, and anthropological pedagogy should study the reactions of the physiological and psychical personality of the child in the school which is its environment. For thus, in addition to the medical specialist, to whom the diagnosis and the treatment of abnormal pupils must be referred, as well as the hygiene of the children's development, the teachers are summoned to a vast task of observation, which by its continuity will supplement and complete the periodic observations of the physician. Furthermore, the teacher will acquire certain practical rules in the art of educating the child.

We may differ with Dr. Montessori in some of her conclusions; but no teacher can afford not to study her work. No parent should miss the opportunity to read it.

## TWO LETTERS

The letters we receive from our old pupils are always a pleasure. Even when the writers are having "a fight for it," when the fight is a good one, they are matters of genuine interest. From among the number received last week we have taken two which we are sharing with our readers. The one, found on another page is from a little earnest woman whose whole aim, when a pupil was to be a teacher, but for whom the fates had other plans. She is, just at present, having a grind, but, as you will see from her letter, she is made of the right sort of stuff, and the "rough sea" that "makes a good sailor," will be the making of her, and her little brood.

Our other letter of last week is from Joseph Aldon who writes us of the surprises that were in store for him when he went out into the world, and who gives us an account of the tragic death of one of our little girls who left us a year ago. His letter follows:

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 18, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. WALKER:—Doubtless you have wondered what became of that mischievous Joseph Aldon, being that you were so kind to and therefore worthy of his gratitude, but nary a word or visit, with only the surmising of what he is doing, if he is a credit or a disgrace to the school and his tutors.

Many is the time that I have longed to visit the scenes of my school life, to speak to you and all of my teachers and friends of old.

Ah! distinct and fond are the reminiscences of those halcyon days, when in my boyish fancy all the world was rosy, with no fear of the morrow to mar life's sweet strain.

But on leaving—what a discouraging contrast, what disillusion, what gruelling struggles for monotonous existence.

I have survived it all; I still have the courage to plod on, and many times I have tasted the fruit of

success where at first I gazed with apprehension toward failure.

Only you alone can I thank for this, and I always think of those Sunday sermons in the chapel, what lessons they contained if we only could have fully appreciated them at the time when we had the opportunity to fortify ourselves for life's future struggles.

My successes have not been of the highest order, neither do I wish to lend them pomp through ostentatious exaggeration, still they are of a kind that I may look upon contentedly and enable me to make my own way and living in the world.

What a cruel Mistress Fate is though. No doubt you have heard of the tragic death of one of your girls, Frances Phalon, and as I know that you will remember her with a few words in the SILENT WORKER, will make you acquainted with the nearer facts assuming that you do not already know them.

She acted as housekeeper for the family and it was that while acting in this capacity that she met with a horrible accident. While at work about the kitchen range her clothes became ignited and before her brother, who ran to her assistance, could extinguish the flames she suffered severe burns about the arms and limbs. She was conveyed to St. Joseph's Hospital, Paterson, where the doctors at first held high hopes for her recovery but after lingering for a few weeks she finally succumbed to the grim reaper Death.

Many were the friends who filed past her bier to cast one more lingering look upon her earthly remains.

She was buried in St Mary's Cemetery, Paterson, after a solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of her soul. Date of death, Jan. 8, 1914.

You must pardon me for taking up so much of your time and trust you will not consider it presumptuous of me in voluntarily writing to you of Miss Phalon.

I close with my sincerest regards to you and all of my teachers, especially to Mr. Sharp and Mr. Johnson.

With greeting,  
JOSEPH ALDON.

There are two classes of pupils in every school, the one that throws away their time and remain dolts, and the other that makes the best of every opportunity. Cora and Joseph are of the latter class, and there need be no fear as to their ultimate future.

## THE MONTHLY MEETING

The Teachers' Meeting appears to be something that has come to stay in all our schools for the deaf. As an opportunity to discuss methods, to give practical illustrations of just how class-room work is done, to compare notes on the preservation of order and inculcation of good manners and morals and the preservation of health, and as a place where the general work of the school may be co-ordinated and improved in every way, there is nothing better than this monthly meeting; and where it is followed by "enjoyable refreshments" as it is in the Montana School, it is certainly "all to the good."

## DUTY

In love or in Knighthood; in fray or in hall;

In labor afield at the plough or the tree;

In robe of the judge, or as king over all,

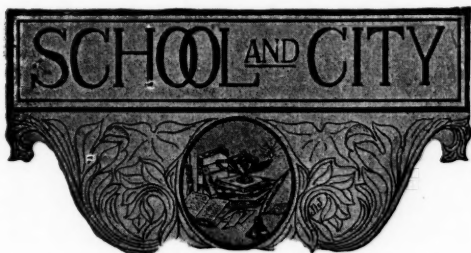
In coarse dress of toil on the shore or the sea;

Be it far—be it near—the conclusion of toil,

Let each bear his burden the length of his day,

Nor for weariness' sake let his handiwork spoil;

Do all that thou hast to do, happen what may.



The school term is half over.

Samuel Eber Esq. is a welcome visitor.

We've had almost no skating this year.

New pupils are arriving every few days.

Dr. Barwis drops in daily, "rain or shine."

The seats at the linotype are never empty.

The march winds have already begun to blow.

We are all listening for the song of the blue-bird.

There never was a winter here so free from snow.

Roller-skating is a perennial pleasure to our little folks.

Tony Dondiego is sleeping inside till the 1st of March.

The local papers are an "ever-present help" to our school.

The roller skates of U. Ciola Savercoal are worked over time.

We surely have had a bit of real winter during the past month.

Dr. Dantzer spent Monday with us, a most welcome guest.

Not one of the little girls has gotten a misconduct mark this term.

Our teachers are working all sorts of overtime on their examinations.

Mr. Markley and Dawes Sutton are pretty closely matched at checkers.

We do wonder whether our golden wings will come back this year.

Tobogganing was Louisa Beck's chief recreation while she was at home.

Anna and Frank Bussanich, of Hoboken, are among our recent arrivals.

Maybe the minutes of the State Board of Education do not keep us hustling.

Our Supt. looks upon his hour with the dumb-bells as one of his religious duties.

Our base-ball fans are wondering what the future of the Federal League will be.

Frank Nutt is making good in his position as a caretaker of the Boy's Building.

With his graduation into long trousers, Charles Dobbins has put on a lot of dignity.

There is a warmth in the sun and a balminess in the air that already tells us of spring.

A new bicycle of finest finish did much to make Louis Otten's Christmas a happy one.

The oyster supper provided by Mr. Newcomb last week was a great treat to the children.

Bath-tubs will be placed in the third-floor wash room of the new building in a few days.

Many of our children are close readers of the newspapers and keep well up in the current news.

Miss Cornelius received a beautiful big bunch of flowers from her little girls on her birthday.

The wood-worker hope to have their newspaper rack and bulletin-board in place by next week.

We all wanted to attend the inauguration; but we just could not, we had so many other fish to fry.

The nights have been too cold of late to permit of our making any observations with our telescope.

Mirrors for the wash rooms of the boys' building are being framed in the wood-working department.

The beauty of Miss Brian's room with its flying birds and blossoming plants has been greatly admired.

We've inaugurated a new Governor, since our last issue, and a right good governor he promises to be.

Joseph Higgins says that Frank Hoppaugh's tale about the six-feet deep snow at his home is "a fish story."

Our newest pet is a beautiful canary who strangely enough sings constantly at night and very little during the day.

The job composition and presswork of Frank Hoppaugh have been noticeably good during the past month.

The boys who have started a systematic study of the parts of the linotype find themselves in pretty deep water.

Mabel Murphy was surprised and greatly pleased to receive a fine picture of her home church by mail on Thursday.

Isabel Long and her brother are hoping for a visit to Richmond where they have quite a few friends, in the near future.

The Silent Workers will have their hands full on the 12th of Feb., when they play the Chinese College team of Newark.

Ruth Ramshaw and her sister spent a couple of very happy days with Mamie Gessner during the Christmas vacation.

The tall clock in the second floor corridor of the administration building is 117 years old, and it still keeps time to the minute.

George Hummel wore his long trousers for the first time on Saturday afternoon. He feels that he is getting to be a big boy now.

The hour's work each day in the gymnasium, is having a pronounced effect upon the health and strength of our boys and girls.

Saturday's moving picture lecture was preceded by a beautiful set of stereopticon slides, and both were very interesting and instructive.

A large half-tone of the Silent Worker Juniors appeared in the *Daily State Gazette* a few days ago, with a fine commendatory notice.

No, the ring now worn by Esther Woelper is not an engagement ring; only a present from a cousin. Besides, Esther is only ten, you know.

Irène Humphries says there are lots of good mothers, but none quite like hers. Quite a few of our little girls share her thought in the matter.

The boys are very anxious to have nice lawns around their building. They would make their rooms so much cooler when the warm days come.

Miss Bergen has a fine new victrola. She will have to get a bass-drum attachment for it if she wishes her little patients to get any enjoyment out of it.

Annie Uhouse was the sole occupant of our big handsome infirmary last week. Her only trouble was a little cold and she is now all right again.

There's no letter that George Brede appreciates so much as the one from his Dad and there is none he takes more pains in writing than the one to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cœne were visitors a short time ago and both seemed greatly pleased with all they saw. They are especially gartified with the progress is making.

Mr. Murray and his wife were welcome visitors on Saturday evening. They attended the moving picture lecture and exhibition and pronounced it very satisfactory.

We builded almost better than we knew when we opened a bakery. It insures us the best of bread and pastry, and will turn out at least a couple of good bakers a year.

During the morning chapel exercise, the babies now have a romp in the play-room under the direction of a teacher or supervisor and what a good time they do have!

The installation of tungston burners and the substitution of clear-glass globes for ground ones will make a great difference in the lighting of our big boys' sitting-room.

Tickets for the moving picture exhibit at the Clinton Ave. Baptist Church were sent to Mr. Walker last week and he used them to take the girl monitors who quite enjoyed the trip.

Lorraine Pease probably will spend next summer on a farm, and we all know what a paradise a farm is to a boy; besides we understand that there is to be an automobile at this particular farm.

The most pleasing thing to Mr. Bausman upon the occasion of his visit last week, was the great improvement that had taken place in Marion's speech. Marion really is doing very commendably in this respect.

Our state house exhibition case has been rehabilitated and returned to its niche in the capitol. It is even better than it was last year, and gives the public a pretty good idea of what is being done in our school.

The holiday from Saturday until Monday is anything but a holiday to Mr. Walker. He had a moving picture lecture Saturday evening, a lecture at nine Sunday morning, a call on the Sunday-school work at two and a lecture at 7:30, so that you could hardly call it his day off.

R. H. King, a graduate of the Kentucky School for the Deaf, is one of the members of the state board of commissioners of that school. He is in the real estate, loan and insurance business in Lexington, that state, and has a large business.

# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

## BY MRS. ALICE TERRY



HOSE, "Heart-to-Heart Talks" which have appeared in the SILENT WORKER have read like a rebuke. But it is a scolding that many of us deserve and have deserved for a long time. It is true that we have missed the sign-language in that we habitually make unsightly faces when we talk. It is a habit that most of us would doubtless find very hard to break.

But, why is it that some of our brainiest and most influential deaf men and women are among those who make the worst faces in talking? Surely it must be something more than mere habit. It seems but natural that the power of expression should come, to some extent, through the features when it cannot come through the voice—when we talk with our hands. Watch a hearing speaker who is talk-



MISS BESSIE REAVES  
Los Angeles Cal.

ing in a convincing manner. It will be noticed that he habitually gestures. This proves that the varying expressions in his voice have hardly the desired effect, so he naturally gestures in away that adds emphasis to what he is saying.

However, it is desirable that we should control our features in ordinary conversation, at least. It is not so much for ourselves, but it is for the sake of outsiders, those not familiar with the deaf, that we should strive for improvement in this direction, C. E. C. has so well defined the question that it is unnecessary for us to go into further detail.

We recently talked over this matter with a bright deaf gentleman. He suggested that the deaf schools should start the war on faces. A person, preferably a teacher, could be assigned to a plan where she might watch, exclusive to all else, the faces of the pupils learning the sign-language. Her duty should be to teach them, or to criticise them according to their needs. We hope there may be some school willing to try this idea. For such a proper beginning might result in an agreeable control of the features for all time to come.

But who is C. E. C.? After we read the first chapter of "Heart-to-Heart Talks" in the November WORKER we were under the impression that the writer is a woman. Since reading the second article in the December issue we are persuaded beyond doubt that our guess was correct. Then this woman, so earnest in her efforts to help us, should sign her name, not her initials. For there are plenty of people who hesitate to recognize, much less accept, the suggestion, of unidentified writers. This is due partly to curiosity which gets an upper hold in their minds. There are also other reasons which we will not state.

The writer of this article knew no deaf people, nor did she know anything about the sign-language until she entered school for the deaf at the age of twelve

years. Then, instead of being rebellious and critical, as C. E. C. says was her lot, I was as happy and interested as ever a little girl can be in her new surroundings. I could speak as well as any hearing child of my age, but I could not read lips. That talent was not in me. The signs were to me very odd, and very interesting. Never once did it occur to me to criticise or act perverse to any of the deaf or methods of expression. For my heart had gone out to them. There was an instant bond of sympathy and good fellowship between us. I took to learning the signs eagerly, and continued hard at it until I was master of that language nearly two years later. I still loved my hearing friends, but I loved and felt more for the deaf.

C. E. C. spoke of her inability to appreciate or enjoy a sermon in signs for the reason that she prefers the English language. If that is so, she should attend oral services exclusively. It seems irreverent, or selfish may be the right word, for her to speak thus lightly of a deaf minister's sermon which undoubtedly meant so much to others better able to grasp its significance. In the needs of the soul the first requisite is to get the meaning, the inspiration of the Blessed Word. Yet some people will not go to church unless the minister is a good orator. Such sermons may be brilliant and flowering, yet contain no food for the daily life.

Any one acquainted with the signs has no excuse to offer if he or she fails to get the benefit of a sermon in that language. A minister to the deaf usually has enough to contend with; and it is unfair that he should be confronted with the voluntary failings of one or more persons in his church.

In this issue we are glad to be able to show a picture of Miss Bessie F. Reaves. In our January letter we mentioned her in connection with church work among the deaf here. It was many years ago that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reaves, left New York and came West to live. Mr. Reaves, together with Mr. Thomas Widd from Canada, was the pioneer deaf mission worker in California. Both men passed away some years ago. After her father's death Miss Bessie resumed, in part, the task he had laid down. For more than eleven years it has been her faithful custom to hold church services at least once a month. Owing to her time being so nearly all taken up in her public school duties she finds it quite impossible to mingle more with us.

She is one of the most capable teachers in Los Angeles. A year ago she attracted more than local attention by her unique method of bringing some of the deaf signs into her class-room. Owing to the inevitable noises in the vicinity of a city school, she conceived the idea of making herself "heard" across the room by signs which she compelled her pupils to learn. In turn, she had them sign to her. There can be no doubt that the children's attention can be thus stimulated, and the strain on the voice and nerves lessened.

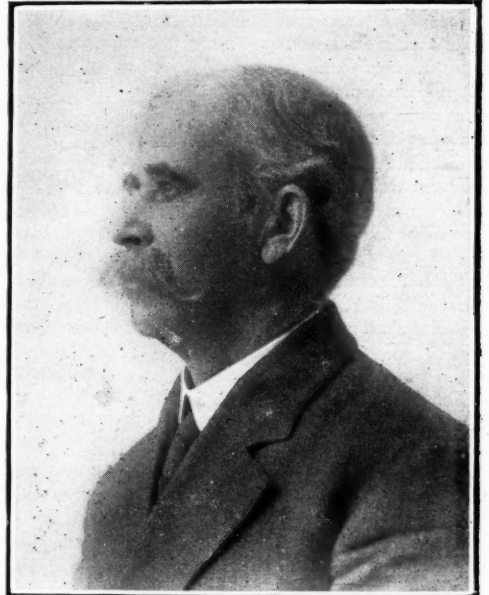
We recommend that other public schools adopt Miss Reaves' method. This might be the means of universally acquainting the people at large with some of the deaf signs. Then, instead of finding this method of talking so queer and undesirable, they might come to appreciate and use it to advantage.

At the Gallaudet reception last December we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Edward C. Ould, of Santa Ana, Calif. He is a clear sign-maker, and as such enjoys the distinction of being a convincing speaker. Twenty-one years ago he gave up a fine position in Connecticut and came West for his health. He at once built a home for his family in Los Angeles. But, owing to the strained condition of his eyes, he kept thinking that life on a farm would be the best thing for him. Before long he was able to trade his city home for a ten-

acre ranch near Santa Ana. The price paid was \$150.00 per acre.

All these years he has been a successful rancher. Next to the pleasure of being his own boss, he has enjoyed to the fullest the out-of-door life under the perpetual blue of the California skies. Today Mr. Ould refuses \$500.00 an acre for his land. He is much adverse to the contented ways of the deaf to remain in shop or factory, particularly so in this section where we have an incomparable climate.

Mr. Ould says to the deaf, "Don't go to the city



MR. EDWARD C. OULD  
Santa Ana, Cal.

where 'Pleasures are just like Dreams,' but go to the farm where you have surer health and greater happiness."

Those letters "From the Old World" show that Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois takes a singular, humane interest in the deaf. In her descriptions of France and the deaf there we can see that hers is truly a sympathetic and loving nature.

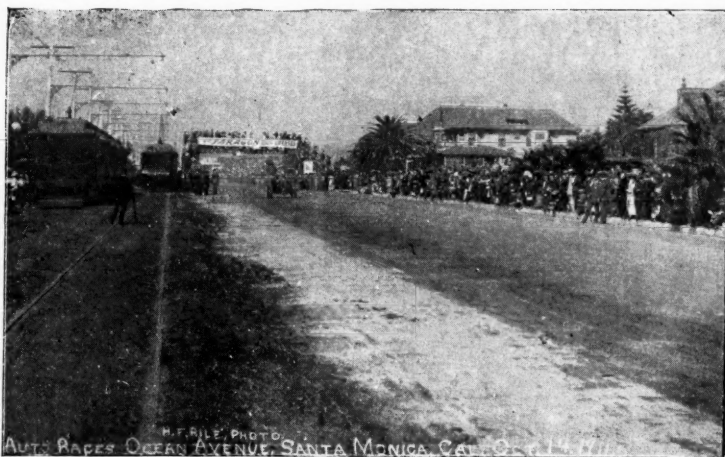
We once imagined that it would not be possible for us to give more than passing notice to those foreign deaf. We meant nothing unkind. We simply thought that the deaf at home sufficed for us.

But Mdle. Pitrois has changed all that; she has brought France nearer to us. Just how she has done it we cannot exactly say. But we do say that in her letters there is a charm that compels us to read on and with ever increasing interest. Thus do we get nearer France—nearer Mdle Pitrois.

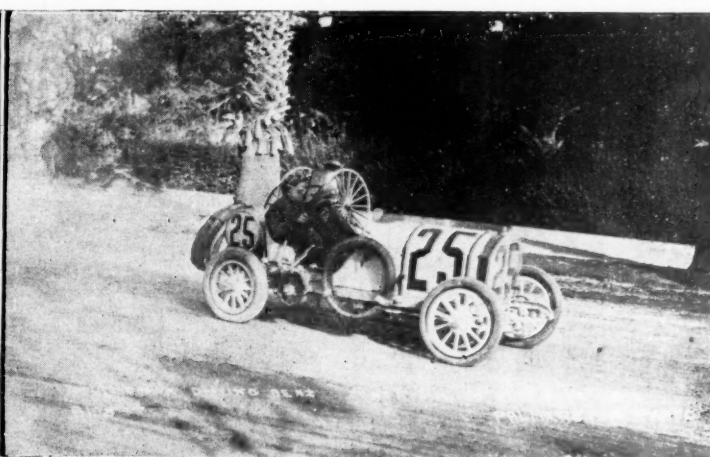
Her command of English is precise and beautiful. It is just this fact which causes us to regret very much our scant knowledge of French.

The automobile races held each year in Santa Monica, a suburb of Los Angeles, always attracted national attention and compel, perhaps, world-wide admiration. The reasons for this are obvious. First, we boast of a minimum record of accidents, with no fatalities so to speak. Secondly, climatic conditions and natural facilities have combined to make this race course the safest and fastest in the world. The most famous speed kings such as Oldfield, Cooper Brown, &c., have enthusiastically shown their preferences to this track.

Therefore it was not surprising when the announcement came that the Vanderbilt cup race would be held here this month,—the event will take place in the later part of February. Western business men



One view of the world's fastest and safest race course, Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Calif.



One of the famous racers ready to start.

can hardly over-estimate the importance of such an attraction for this section. It will no doubt be their best advertisement. It is expected that people coming from all parts of the world, will help swell the attendance into the quarter million mark.

We wish that more of our Eastern deaf friends could be here to witness these races. The sight of these speed demons devouring space at the rate of nearly two miles a minute is a thing that, by turns, excites, or awes the spectators. It is at such moments that we tremble for their lives and for our own (For the heart of a woman must needs be appalled at so much recklessness). Above and over all, it will be observed that commercial greed is paramount. Alas that this greed should grip the nation!

A deaf writer upon first seeing the demons go by like a flash described the effect thus, "A roar and a thrill and the thing is past!"

A thrill indeed—to haunt not alone the timid.

The following editorial we clip from the Washingtonian:

IDIOTS, IMBECILES, BACKWARD—AND DEAF!!!

Dr. George B. Mangold, director of the school of social economy of Washington University—located in St. Louis, not in the state of Washington—is reported as having stated, in a recent lecture, that the feeble minded were classified scientifically to include deaf-mutes, idiots, imbeciles and the backward. In other words, we suppose, Dr. Mangold means

that if President Wilson, Andrew Carnegie and Glenn Curtiss suddenly lost their hearing today they would instantly become feeble minded—imbecile, backward. Helen Keller and Thomas Alva Edison are deaf—ergo, they are idiots. Beethoven was deaf as a post all the time he composed his wonderful sonatas—consequently he was a doddering old imbecile. What would Dr. Mangold be if a cannon cracker cost him his hearing next Fourth of July? An idiotic imbecile forsooth?

Quite a striking reply to the learned (?) doctor. This with the prompt criticism which he also received from Messrs. J. H. Cloud and Peter Hughes, of St. Louis, ought to be the means of humiliating him. Furthermore it should serve to convince him that his knowledge of truth is desparingly limited.

## SOPHIA FOWLER GALLAUDET

*Continued from page 87*

wonderful charm, but respecting her position as a pupil remained silent until 1821, when he surprised her with a proposal of marriage. At first she pleaded her lack of qualification as wife of such a highly educated and prominent man but finally consented, becoming his wife on the 20th of August, 1821. Their honeymoon was spent at Saratoga, New York. At that time, Saratoga was a place where visitors rested and where there were not many people at the hotels, so that the beautiful deaf-mute bride attracted much attention and admiring comment.

After settling in Hartford, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's position as clergyman and teacher was such as to bring Mrs. Gallaudet into contact with persons of all degrees of prominence, and to her credit she held her own as hostess and entertainer.

But she shone brightest as a mother—devoted, self-sacrificing, strict. Of her children, the oldest, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and the youngest, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, followed their father's footsteps in taking up work for the deaf. Of the children, two are living, Edward Miner Gallaudet in Hartford and Mrs. Budd in New York.

In 1851, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet's health, never robust, began to fail and he died on the 10th of September, leaving Mrs. Gallaudet with eight children and only small means. However, most of the children had reached ages when they could be self-supporting. One by one the children married and went to homes of their own, and Mrs. Gallaudet began to feel lonely when she was offered the post of Matron at the same time that her youngest son, Edward, assumed charge of a school just founded—"The Columbia Institution for the Deaf, at Washington, D. C. This was in the year 1857.

In the memories of the oldest graduates of the Columbia Institution and of Gallaudet College, her charming personality, the power of her influence, her motherly interest and charity and sympathy still lives. Thus does a beautiful influence

live while other qualities are forgotten! In 1866, after nine years of devotion to duty, the responsibility began to tell upon her health and she re-



MRS. SOPHIE FOWLER GALLAUDET

signed, thereafter living with her children by turns.

A characteristic which was very noticeable was the christian faith which dominated the thought and action of her whole life. In her last years, blindness threatened and she was once seen kneeling, praying that she be spared the affliction and ending the prayer in meek submission to God's will.

Hers was a full happy life; she had health, beauty, a loving husband, devoted children, loyal friends.

After she had passed a pleasant evening with friends, and scarcely had she passed into her room when she was stricken with apoplexy and the next morning, without recovering consciousness, she quietly passed away to another and better land. She had reached the ripe age of 79 years.

The late Prof. Melville Ballard delighted in relating this little story of Mrs. Gallaudet: She was one day, seated in her rocker, knitting. A fly buzzed about her face and she brushed it away. After repeated effort to drive it away, she allowed the persistent fly to alight on her face, slowly arose, walked to the door, opened it and quietly brushed the fly outside. Her look and sigh of satisfaction were very amusing.

I will now relate my own personal recollection of Mrs. Gallaudet. During my childhood days my home was in the old seaport of Marblehead, Massachusetts, a town rich in wild rocky beauty, history, and fishing facilities and the mecca of all lovers of the sea. One summer's day, Mrs. Gallaudet with her son, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, came to Marblehead to visit my parents. I was impressed by Mrs. Gallaudet's dignity, smiling ways and in my mind I carry a picture of her sitting handsome and erect in my father's dory, expressing great enthusiasm over the sea waves, the jelly-fish and the rocky shore.

Mrs. Arthur D. Bryant, of Washington, D. C., is the originator of the plan of placing in the chapel at Gallaudet College a brass tablet in Mrs. Gallaudet's memory, the presentation of which will probably be made in June of 1914, at the time of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Gallaudet College. There will also be a small tablet placed upon the gateway of the Fowler Homestead at Guilford, Connecticut. Both tablets will be the gifts of the women of the United States.

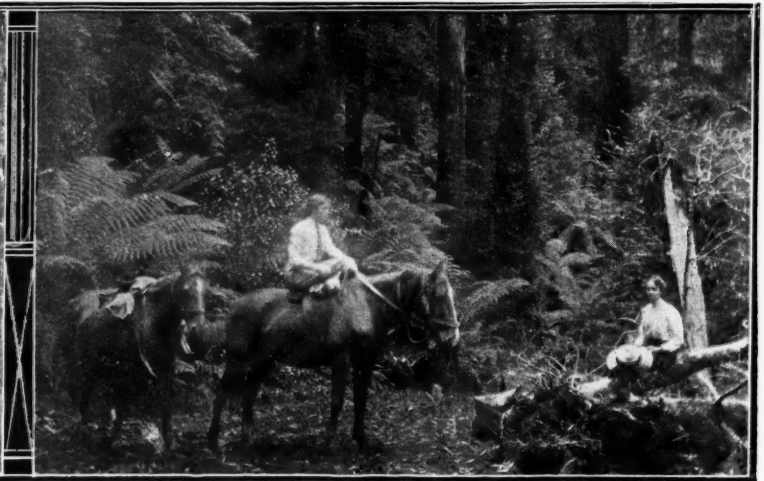
Fred W. Baars has been appointed foreman of printing in the California School for the Deaf.

## STRAY STRAWS

BY MRS. E. FLORENCE LONG



The road doubling back towards the township.



Resting in a fern Gully

## FROM THE "COSMOPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB"

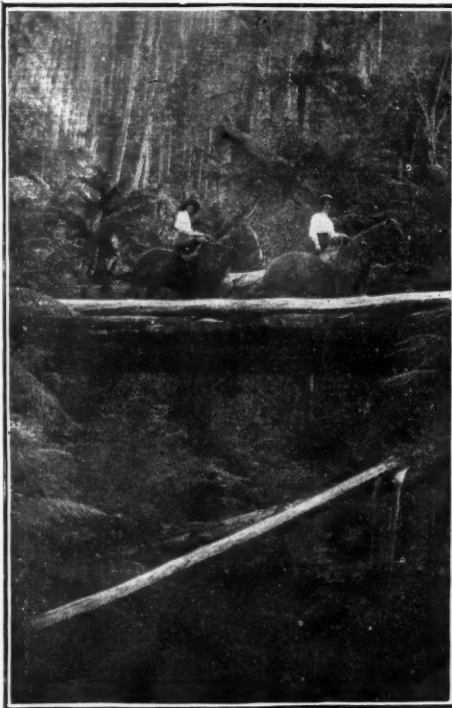


YEAR ago the SILENT WORKER witnessed the starting of an international round of letters between various persons which takes the correspondence clear round the world. It was begun by a young deaf woman, Mrs. John E. Muir (Daisy Muir) of Malvern, Victoria, Australia. She had been trying for years previously to get together such a club and, when her persistence was successful, the club made her its president and sponsor. Accordingly she named it the Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club and each round of the Club starts out from her pretty home in Australia and finishes at the studio of Douglas Tilden in Oakland, California, who sends it back across the seas to the far away "land of the kangaroo."

The names and addresses of the ten members of the Club, given in the order in which the letters pass are thus given:

1. Mrs. John E. Muir, Montcrieff, Wheatland Road, Malvern, Victoria, Australia.
2. Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois, 90, rue des Marseilles, Bordeaux, France.
3. Miss Ethel Egan Desmond, at present travelling, though now in London and later booked for the winter in Southern France.
4. Mr. John Brodie, 41, Causewayside, Edinburgh, Scotland.
5. Rev. J. Bodvan Anwyl, Bryn Elen, Tyfica Road, Pontypridd, Wales.
6. Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis, 73 Commercial St., Belleville, Ontario Canada.
7. Miss Annabel Kent, 80 South Clinton St., East Orange, New Jersey.
8. Miss Bessie Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
9. Mrs. E. Florence Long, 521 Fourth Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
10. Douglas Tilden, Sculptor, 2078 Franklin St., Oakland, California.

The budget of letters and photographs, etc., are to be passed on within two weeks from date of receipt by each member. Mrs. Muir started the third round the 30th of July last and the letters have just come into my hands the 13th of December for my third letter and Douglas Tilden will have them all at Christmas time, which will give him the opportunity to tell of the beautiful winters in California—the Land of Hearts' Desire—where



On the way to Donna Buang Mountain. Riding on the timber tramway. Photographed from the lower bridge (unseen).

*"Tis still as God has made it in the gladness of His dreams,  
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er it gleams—"*

Mrs. Muir's letter of eight pages is both interesting and instructive. For instance, she makes us all better acquainted with Australia, thus: "To enable you to realize the enormous distances one may have to travel in Australia, here are a few facts. Australia is 3000 sq. miles bigger than the United States, and can even tuck all Europe in. \* \* \* Compared with other countries, Australia is very sparsely populated. Look here, India has a population of 300,000,000 inhabitants, and China 400,000,000. These two countries combined are about the size of Australia, and Australia has only 4,000,000 people. Japan with a population of 50,000,000 is about one-eighth the size of Australia. Great Britain, which has about the same area as that of Victoria, the smallest state in Australia, contains 45,000,000 people, while

Victoria has 500,000. \* \* I am glad to live in this beautiful country where the smiling sun is rarely absent more than a day, where blizzards and tornadoes never visit, where the conditions of life are pleasant and where poverty is quite unknown. \* \* The popular idea of most people on the other side of the globe is that Australia only produce kangaroos, droughts, scorching summers, and pugilists, while down here most of us have an idea that Great Britain is hardly free from rain and fog, and that in America calamity is quite a daily occurrence and fortunes are made there. \* \* \* It is difficult for Americans to realize that in some parts of Australia we are accustomed, in summer, to temperatures much higher than they have for we do not have the humidity which makes their summer heat so hard to bear. A temperature of 100 degrees with excessive humidity, is more oppressive than one of 120 or 115 with accompanying dangers.

"I am sending three postcard photographs of myself and a deaf friend, Miss Doris Hickey, taken last Easter at Warburton on our way to Mt. Donna Buang. I am on the right side of each picture. We had a lovely twenty-six mile ride in the mountains and the scenery was simply magnificent. We spent a fortnight at my deaf brother's farm and made many delightful excursions to the mountains. One day we walked up to Mt. Donna Buang and back, covering eighteen miles, as the red mile marks told us. We met with several adventures on the way, but it was a tramp never to be forgotten. I am fond of walking in the brush. \* \* \* Talking of suffragettism! Australia is regarded as a most advanced and desirable country by the English suffragettes, because Australian women have enjoyed the privilege of voting for many years. They vote both at the Federal and State elections and have done so much to remedy existing evils. I observe that they are more conscientious in their patriotism than men. They will often take a side in a question which is good for the community, which might only just be carried by women's aid. The Australian Women's National League is doing a splendid work for the welfare of this young country."

The next letter, dated September 20th, 1913, is from the well-known deaf authoress, Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois. She and her talented mother were spending that month in their own pretty little cottage, "Ker Content," by the sea. It is at a village, St. Marie, ancient capitol of Brittany in France. Being in holiday mood and enjoying the quiet restfulness of the great sea, Mdle. Pitrois

filled her letter with interesting postcard pictures of her cottage by the sea and its surroundings, and indulged in little personal chats with each of the club members, which seemed to bring all together more closely.

The third letter, dated October 5th, 1913, at London, is from the Club's "globe-trotter," Miss Ethel Egan Desmond. She expected to leave London with her mother shortly and spend the winter at Arcachon, near Bordeaux, France. So, by this time, she and Mdlle. Pitrois will have met each other and become personally acquainted.

Miss Desmond and her mother have stood in the ancient halls of the mighty Caesars at Rome; viewed the wonderful Colosseum; wandered thru the Forum, to view the exact spot where Cicero made eloquent speeches and Mark Antony excited the Roman populace to avenge the murder of the great Julius Caesar; gazed at the ruins of the famous Baths of Caracalla which could accommodate 16000 bathers at once in the splendid luxury of Ancient Rome; frequented the church of "The Fisherman," St. Peter, only to find it more like a museum because of the crowds of tourists from every nation on the globe. Naples and Pompeii with the attractions of their glorious past and the ruin wrought by the terrible old Vesuvius held them for a fortnight. Thence to Switzerland in the spring for a summer amidst Alpine wonders and delights, after which came gay Paris and then murky old London.

Miss Desmond took all the club members along with her figuratively in her sixteen pages of vivid descriptions of all the interesting parts of her sojourn on the Continent.

The fourth letter is from our brave Scotchman, Mr. John Brodie, at 241, Causewayside, Edinburgh Scotland, and is dated October twentieth.

Mr. Brodie's letter is only two pages long, this time, because of failing eyesight. He could scarcely read all of the letters and before long he may be blind altogether. But he writes so cheerily that we can all see that his is a brave soul which will not be downed by any circumstance. Verse writing of a religious uplift is one of Mr. Brodie's gifts, of which the following is a beautiful example:

#### WISHES

I want to be noble and true, Lord,  
Hating the false and the wrong,  
Loving only the pure and the good,  
Helping the weak 'gainst the strong

I want to be earnest and brave, Lord,  
Ever to walk in the light;  
Earnest in face of eternity,  
Brave to stand up for the light.

I want a heart full of love, Lord,  
Pitiful, tender, like Thine;  
To sorrow with sorrowing souls,  
"Touched with compassion" divine.

I want to be always like Thee, Lord,  
In thought, in deed, and in word;  
Writing o'er every wish that I wish,  
"Holiness unto the Lord."

J. B.

The fifth letter brings us close to Rev. J. Bodvan Anwyl, of Bryn Elen, Tyvica Road, Pontypridd, Wales.

Rev. Anwyl's letter is four neat typewritten pages, dated the 24th of October, just four days after Mr. Brodie wrote, which indicates promptness is one of their characteristics.

Rev. Anwyl has been deaf only a few years, but already he is working for the deaf and preaching to them. In his letter he writes of having been to Southport, a wateringplace near Liverpool, where he preached to the deaf and dumb on one night and to two large hearing congrega-

tions on Sunday at Liverpool. He preached to the hearing people in Welsh and there is no more unpronounceable language than Welsh, as thus little verse will serve to show:

"Turwy ddirgel fydd mae'r uchel lor  
Yn dwyn Ei waith i ben."

With all his work in attending to a Mission for the Deaf at Pontypridd and preaching to hearing congregations, Rev. Anwyl has been working hard on a Welsh-English Dictionary which is being printed now, and also another manuscript for a English-Welsh one. As if that were not enough he also has another Welsh book being panted, and MAKES time to write cheerful and witty letters for the Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club, whose members have unanimously chosen him for their honored chaplain.

Says he, "I am writing this letter from our new Institute which was opened by Sir Arthur Fairbairn (deaf) on May 24th last. You may be quite sure that it was a great struggle to get it, but it has proved an immense boon. I have got the jolliest office that ever was, only that it is now a little damp, and consequently I cannot rub out my mistakes without causing a smudge, so my letter is more slovenly than I could wish it. The deaf and dumb seem mightily pleased with the place, with me and with themselves. They enjoy a rare amount of freedom here. They don't interfere with me, and I don't interfere with them. They don't seem desirous of doing any harm, so they get to do practically as they please. I never have been a boss over anybody, so it is lucky that I have not to begin now to assert my authority. It appears to me that much friction is obviated by this course, and that I am freer to devote myself to literature. It may seem queer that I should do so much that way and I in such an exacting profession, but the fact is that my very profession exacts it of me in order to keep me and my mission in the public eye. Were we to sink into obscurity we should cease to be supported. I am responsible for the very organization of the Mission, and I must not neglect any means of obtaining publicity for it.

"We all liked Sir Arthur Fairbairn. He talked so naturally and kindly. It was something for the hearing people here to see what respectability attached to the deaf and dumb. They might have seen that from our ordinary members, but then they are not titled. Sir Arthur fingered all his speeches, and that beautifully, while I am glad to say that he spoke in the street without the slightest 'sensitiveness.' He seemed to me a big hearted sort of man, \* \* \* The clipping about Helen Keller just screams. I wish I could get a cool, dispassionate account of her. \* \* \* Personally, judging simply by the probable, I imagine that much that is said about her is ideally rather than literally true. \* \* \* I could report speeches in shorthand before I became deaf: I cannot do it now, and I know it. I could also catechize Sunday Schools: I do not attempt it now. I recognize my limitations, for, not being in any sense a prodigy, I know that I should only be detested for pretending to do what I could not.

\* \* \* I like to think of you in far-off countries. Sometimes I try to imagine myself in your place, say roughing it in a log cabin in the backwoods, or strolling leisurely beneath the southern cross with a kangaroo leaning upon my arm! How pleased I am to read of the magnificent distances of Australia! America has also prided itself upon its immensity—everything there, fiction included, is so great.

\* \* \* I suppose everyone loves his own country, and I am deeply attached to Wales, yet I should much like to see other lands, or even more of the British Isles. But Australia seems the land for me, for there appears to be sufficient room for expansion."

The sixth letter is from one of our own

Americans living at 73 Commercial St., Belleville, Ontario, Canada. And this is Mrs. Sylvia Chapin Balis, one of our most accomplished deaf women. Both Mr. and Mrs. Balis teach in the School for the Deaf at Belleville, and have travelled almost as extensively as Miss Kent.

Mrs. Balis writes entertainingly of incidents during the numerous journeys of herself and Mr. Balis in different parts of the United States. The last time they went to California the train was detained for two days by a washout on the mountains in Arizona. While waiting there they met a party of Indians and among them was a woman who was very much interested in their signs. She motioned to them that she could not hear or speak and her natural signs were so very clear that they had quite a conversation with her. She told them that she was 113 years old; that she could neither read nor write; that all her friends were dead and she was left alone. This is another boost for the usefulness of signs as being the real Volapuk of all nations and all people.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Balis were at the Cleveland convention last summer. They always go together and are inseparable. Well, at the convention they had the opportunity to meet the oil king, Mr. Rockefeller, on his estate. Of him she says: "He is a kindly pleasant looking old man well along in years. Nothing could have exceeded his welcome and cordiality. The estate is most beautiful, covering about 700 acres in the heart of the city of Cleveland. We have seen many more pretentious homes than his is there. It is to be hoped that his interest in the deaf will bear good fruit. It is said that his wife is becoming very deaf, so that may account in a measure for his great interest in others so afflicted."

Mrs. Balis has met Helen Keller a few times and has this to say: "Many of the things told of Helen are quite true. She is undoubtedly a marvelous person, but to me, her teacher is almost equally as wonderful. Consider that all Helen learned has had to pass through her teacher's brain and hands first. \* \* \* I do not at all approve of the way they are exploiting her now. Because she has been such a remarkable success is no proof that all deaf persons can accomplish as much. I am not in a position to judge of her speech, but have been told by persons who have heard her that it is almost impossible to understand, her without effort. When I last saw her she was a good looking young woman."

Equal Suffrage has been one of the subjects of the letters, and the Old World male members have tried to hide their antagonism to it with witty remarks and hands held up in horror at the militancy of the fair ones in England.

Mrs. Balis does not approve of the militant tactics of our English sisters, but wisely decides that there must be some great good reasons for their behavior or they would not resort to violence. Mrs. Balis has noted samples of English men in Canada and is not at all impressed with the quality of their manhood. For instance: "some of them have been known to go with the women to get them work as scrub women in our large stores, and flatly refused to do any work themselves, though it was offered them with good pay. And it was the men who collected the pay for their wives' labor! I hope to live to cast my vote in this country or the United States of which I am a native and property owner. My sister and mother all vote in the United States. I am glad to know that the Australian women have the power."

If the above treatment of women obtains in England no wonder they grow violent in their efforts to be recognized as human beings.

The seventh letter is from our charming and versatile Miss Kent who went "Around the World in Silence" and then wrote about it. She belongs to the East Orange of the four Oranges in New Jersey and has a lovely home there at 60 South Clinton Street. She also has a summer home tucked away up on one of the Catskill mountains

and gets near to nature's great heart that way.

Miss Kent's letter is seven pages full of interesting talk about everything almost. She tells of Helen Keller in this way: "I can give a 'dispassionate' account of what I saw of Helen Keller in Boston last fall. My friend who was staying at the Boston Students' Union was one of her schoolmates at the Wright Oral School and on Helen's return from a trip to Washington she dropped in to see her. My friend telephoned for me at once and I did not let the grass grow around me on the way. Had expected something interesting, but was not prepared for the vivid personality I met. Helen is above all over, so vivacious it is really difficult for one to realize she can neither see nor hear. She came with a young lady as Mrs. Macy (her teacher and life-long friend) was ill in bed—and in addition to my friend, Miss Johns, this young lady was the only one present who was not a stranger to her, but she was in no way handicapped. Miss Johns and I fingered our talk, but the others she understood by placing her fingers on their lips. If I had not seen it myself I should not have been able to believe it. She talked with every one there and was never at a loss."

Miss Kent is not a Suffragist, but may be converted to the idea that "taxation without representation" is every bit as unjust to women as it used to be to men in the old Revolutionary days. Of this subject she writes: "I am not a suffragist, but I was deeply impressed with the wonderful parade in New York last Spring. Nothing could have equalled it in dignity and impressiveness. The marchers were nearly all dressed in white and kept perfect time, 'eyes to the front and arms to the sides.' I was amazed at the number of elegantly dressed, stately women in the ranks, do not remember how many were reported as being in line, but I watched them passing for over two hours and the view from Fifth Avenue, when I left, showed an uninterrupted vista of advancing hosts. I counted eight policemen on each block, but there was no need of them."

She is very enthusiastic over New York city and says: "In no other city in the world are there such wonderful buildings as the New York skyscrapers. I wish you could all see the new Wolworth Building, the highest in the world, which has just been completed. It has 55 stories above the sidewalk, is 750 feet high above the sidewalk, has 34 elevators, its foundation was sunk through 115 feet of quicksand to bedrock. By day it is beautiful when the sunlight touches the golden crown and tracery on the tops of the vast white walls—at night, the lights twinkling from its myriad windows seem to mingle with the stars."

Miss Bessie Edgar, of 56 Lotta Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, comes with the eighth letter dated December 8th, 1913. She became deaf after having taught a while in the public school of Columbus, and then happily got transferred to the school for the deaf there as a teacher. She enjoys the sign-language and has taken to it like a duck to water. If semi-mutes can like the sign-language so well how much more must it mean to the born deaf-mute! But I give the subject up, as hearing people are always bound to know what is best for the deaf so much better than they can themselves!

Miss Edgar has her version of Helen Keller in this way: "Helen Keller was in my city last month—on exhibition one might say. One dollar was charged to hear, or rather to SEE her. Her talk was about fifteen minutes long and the rest of the hour was taken up by her companion, Mrs. Macy. Helen seemed extremely nervous on the platform, but was more at ease when met after the exhibition. Those who could hear her said her voice was very strong and filled the large hall. But her words were very indistinct and few could catch what she said. Whatever her voice her mind is a wonder. I was told that she told a deaf person that she was sorry she had never learned to use signs. I was greatly

interested in Miss Keller, for I am teaching a deaf-blind girl this year. She is very bright and so full of life and fun. She has a remarkable memory."

Miss Edgar's letter of nine pages has many other interesting things in it. However, the mention of her summer vacation will suffice as she ends with quite an Irish Bull of her own: "Last summer I spent nearly a month in the country with a Welsh family. Their home is in a lovely hilly section of Ohio called the Welsh Hills. All the country road names have a Bryn to them. The house where I staid was built more than one hundred years ago. It is a stone house with



DOUGLAS TILDEN IN HIS STUDIO  
Starting a Small Clay Modelling of "Merit and Mediocrity"

walls about two feet thick. It was built by a family who came direct from Wales to Ohio and has passed from father to son several times.

"In among those Welsh Hills are several remarkable Indian mounds. One is shaped like an alligator and another like a huge serpent. What all will ever be found in these mounds will remain a mystery."

The ninth letter happens to be mine and is dated May 10th, 1913. Hence it has taken just eight months for the letters to circle the globe and come back to me. What great travellers all these letters are and for only the price of a few postage stamps! Lucky letters. Wish I could follow them around personally.

The tenth and last letter is dated the 23d of May last and is from the studio of our Douglas Tilden. He writes briefly of his art and has illustrated the letter with lovely photographs of several new clay models he made within the past three months for future work in marble. These clay modelings are very small, being not more than twelve inches in height, and are the same thing to a sculptor as are the sketches of an artist for future paintings.

One of these clay models is a classic conception of merit and mediocrity and of this he says: "I would like to do this work full size, for Merit and Mediocrity have to depend on their distinction on fine modelling which cannot very well be shown in a small sketch. Both are to be beautiful women, with every physical detail different—the lips of one chaste and yet inviting, those of the other, ripe and full yet not coarse; the brow of one delicate and pensive, that of the other low and pleasing and so on. One holds a lily, the other a stalk of wheat. The heads of the seat on which they sit signify 'As ancient as Egypt,' for such is the wisdom of woman, as the serpents carved under the seat still further signify. For all that I hardly approve of Suffragists."

"When I carve this statue large size, I shall want to so mystify the spectator that he asks 'which is Merit and which is Mediocrity?'"

With all his busy work as a sculptor, Douglas Tilden finds time to write articles for publication in various magazines for the hearing public and in papers for the deaf. He also imparts pleasure to his friends with sociable letters, in which he shows strong and attractive personality.

#### RECOGNIZED THE SIGN

The Indianapolis News relates the following pleasing experience of a resident of this city, C. C. Foster, who attended the recent meeting of the G. A. R. at Chattanooga. Mr. Foster, who is a son-in-law of Dr. Thomas MacIntire, Superintendent of the Indiana School for 26 years, 1853 to 1879, says: "I went into the station to inquire about my return train. An old, white-haired man sat at a table behind the counter writing. I judged by the actions of the ticket seller that the old man was deaf and dumb. You know every one of them and those connected with them have signs. I was steward at the old deaf-dumb school at Indianapolis under Dr. MacIntire, who was principal of the school for twenty-six years. Before that he was for five years the first principal of the deaf and dumb school at Knoxville, Tenn., which he organized, and got his pupils by riding horseback through the region, begging the parents to send their deaf and dumb children to be educated. So I attracted the old man's attention and made the sign of Dr. MacIntire to him. He shook his head violently and jumped up and grasped my hand. In the 'finger talk' that followed he said he was one of the little boys to whose parents' house Dr. MacIntire went and begged that he should come to the new Knoxville school. His parents consented. The result was the child was taught the sign-language, taught to read, write and cipher; there he was past seventy earning his own living, and he had been self-supporting all his life. He was so happy at meeting some one that knew Dr. MacIntire that I could hardly get away from him."—Hoosier.

#### NOTES OF THE W. A. BRADY ATTRACTIONS.

"The Things That Count," produced last week with the utmost success at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, has removed to William A. Brady's Playhouse for the rest of the current season. This change is effected for the reason that Mr. Brady does not control the entire time at Miss Elliott's theatre, while at his own amusement temple he is able to set aside a period commensurate with the demands of the public for the new play.

All the incidents of "The Things That Count" take place between the forenoon and night of Christmas Eve, and most of them are directly within the cheery spirit of that individual space of time. One of these in particular, representing a Christmas Eve party in an East Side tenement, is conspicuously diverting.

In this tenement there are families of American, German, Irish and Italian origin, and their young offspring are constantly at war, sometimes drawing their parents into the conflict. The various groups are present at the party, guests of the little American girl and her youthful mother, who are living in the tenement in reduced circumstances. The children and some of the grown-ups contribute various features to the entertainment, which is constantly on the verge of physical violence as the opposing elements clash, and the audience is almost in a perpetual roar of laughter, punctuated at intervals with applause for the "specialties" introduced by the youngsters.

The principal players in "The Things That Count" are: Alice Brady, the beautiful and gifted daughter of Manager William A. Brady, Florine Arnold, Hilda Englund, Howard Estabrook, Wallace Erskine, Nicholas Young and others well known.



By Miss Petra T. Fandrem, Duluth, Minn.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

It is my lot in life to find  
At every turning of the road  
The strong arm of a comrade kind  
To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,  
And love alone must make amends,  
My only prayer is, "While I live,  
God make me worthy of my friends."

—Selected.

**T**HE *Wisconsin Times* has an article on "How a Deaf-Mute 'Heard' Her First Music", which tells how Helen Keller felt when she heard the music of a violin. This is very interesting but it is more interesting to learn that Thomas A. Edison believes that he can contrive a device to enable Miss Keller to distinguish sound waves by means of electrical vibrations. Let us hope that he will be successful, for then all deaf will have the chance of "hearing" music.

Mr. A. J. Eickhoff has coined us a new word, *Vidence*, designating a body of persons who "hear" by means of sight. This is about as good as the latest dictionary which defines popular fiction as the oral method and *best sellers* as pure oral teachers.

The *Deaf Hawkeye* tells us that the newspaper controversies which so often follow a meeting of the National Association and which have disgusted many well-wishers of the society, threaten to break out again. One or two contributions appeared in the *Journal*, but Editor Hodgson has wisely decided to cut out such articles. If there is anything that does more to alienate friends of the N. A. D. among the deaf, as well as the hearing, than this constant bickering and airing of private grievances in public, we have not seen it. Matters of this kind should be suppressed and all unite to accomplish objects aiming for the common welfare of the deaf. There are a lot of things to do yet.

There is a movement on foot to raise a fund for a bronze memorial tablet to Sophia Fowler Gallaudet, the wife of our beloved Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and mother of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet and Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. It is a fine thing for the deaf women to do and we trust it may be accomplished soon. Due praise must be given to Mrs. A. D. Bryant, of Washington, D. C., for originating the plan and for her work in carrying it out.

Mr. R. Cary Montague is no longer Superintendent of the West Virginia School, his place having been taken by Mr. P. DeBerry on Jan. 1st, 1914. This came as a surprise to all of us, Mr. Montague most of all. We deeply regret that Mr. Montague is to be with us no longer. We wish him success in whatever he undertakes and trust that the new Superintendent will prove a man of broad views.

It strikes us funny that well educated men, such as we suppose Dr. Mangold, of St. Louis, and Dr. Hayes, of New York, to be, can be so stupid as to class the deaf with idiots, imbeciles, morons and backward people. It is a shame for a man to write on a subject of which he knows almost nothing, more especially when he knows his paper will be widely read.

The *Silent Hoosier* tells us that:—

"Minnesota has gone its sister schools one better in having a pupil who reads the musical notes as they fall from the 'lips' of a canary bird which he keeps in his room. The teachers up at Faribault in attaining such wonderful results in oral work must send us the recipe that we may learn from it how to gauge our dog's barking and then minister more intelligently to his wants. That and the wagging of his tail would make a splendid combination of systems."

It is wise to be saving, at least it would seem so after reading that an editor started by saving 75 cents and now has \$100,000. We might save 75 cents but will have to trust to luck that some one will leave us a legacy of \$99,999.25 as happened in this case. Trustees of the Endowment Fund, take notice.

Mr. Terry's novel, "A Voice from the Silence," is to appear in moving pictures with Mr. Terry's name on the screen. This is certainly good news, as it shows that the deaf are going to get the credit that is due them. This has no reference to Tomaso Aniello's game of "Credit, credit, credit, whose is the credit?"

Mr. J. F. Meagher, of Washington, is certainly on the job, as can be seen from the December number of *The Washingtonian*. He has reviews of several stories that deal with the deaf and that have lately appeared in various magazines. We are sure that Jimmy will get after "them that tries to do harm to the deaf by making them out to be fools and every other sort of a dunce."

Among the locals in one of the exchanges we find the following:—"Mr. ——— talked about Mr. T. H. Gallaudet in chapel. Today is his birthday. We honor him because he was the first man who taught the deaf in America. If he had not taught us how to talk we would be dummies. *We are safe.*" Yes, safe in being able to stick up for our rights, is that it?

Will some one tell us why, oh! why the following was sent us:

I know a girl who never scolds,  
Whose thoughts are unconfessed,  
Who never gossips, never screams,  
And keeps her tongue at rest—  
(She's dumb).

I know a girl who never winks,  
Who flirts not with her eye,  
Nor sees a single thing that's wrong,  
On ocean, earth or sky—  
(She's blind).

The exchange editress of *The Buff and Blue* notes with surprise "that quite a number of our contemporaries are voicing a protest against the obscene literature of today! Her opinion of undergraduates in general must be shocking. She seems to be a master of satire for she writes: "Attracted by a clever cover design we often pick up a magazine only to find its contents do not live up to our expectations."

It was with much satisfaction we laid down the November *Southern Collegian*, after a careful perusal of its contents."

"In poverty you can get at the real heart of people as you can never do if rich. People are your friends from pure friendship and love, not from sponging self-interestness. It is worth being poor once or twice in a lifetime just to experience the blessing and heartrestfulness of a little genuine reality in the way of love and friendship. Not that it is impossible for opulence to have genuine friends, but rich people, I fear, must ever at their hearts have a cankering suspicion to hint that the friendship and love lavished upon them is merely self-interestness and sham—the implement of trade used by the fawning toadies who swarm around wealth."—*Miles Franklin.*

The *Ephpheta* tell us that at the entertainment given in honor of De l' Epee some one asked an expert lip-reader if he understood what Father McCarthy had said when speaking in moving pictures. "Nary a line," was the reply. "But did you understand Mr.

Cloud?" "Plain as daylight!" And wherein do the oralists shine in the light, when pitted against those expressive signs the deaf are asked to taboo?

In speaking of the lectures which Helen Keller is now giving in various cities, *The Deaf Hawkeye* says that Helen Keller is in a class by herself. Her remarkable achievements, aside from her speech, which is all very well in the circle of her own friends, are sufficient to place her above all others of her kind and insure her claim to fame for all time. She needs no such parading to add lustre to that already won. We believe that if Miss Keller could read what the *State Journal* of Columbus, Ohio, says of her voice, she would shrink from public speaking in the future. It is difficult for us to see just what object can be gained by such exploitation. A few converts to the oral method of instructing the deaf, maybe. And the gaining of a few dollars by some lecture bureau. These petty gains at the expense of such a sacrifice! Sacrifice of Helen Keller's pedestal; sacrifice of public faith; and the sacrifice of good taste and decency."

*Ephpheta* says:—"In the *Journal* Anton Schroder our wise friend of St. Paul, Minn., pops up as interlocutor with: 'What do the deaf consider the greatest thing in the world?' Two-thirds the earth, unencumbered, and the rest, simply a square deal, we should say."

College graduates and ex's will enjoy reading the following:

#### ALMA MATER ALWAYS LOVED

The phrase "college life" is an Americanism and it has no equivalent in any other language but English. It describes, to those who use it with understanding and sympathy an experience out of which grows a deep sentiment made up of pleasure, friendship, affection, loyalty and pride. It seems to them "a tend influence, a peculiar grace," that reaches out across miles and years, drawing them back to their *Alma Mater*, and the comradeship of their classmates. To most graduates their college life seems their golden age; through the mist of years the campus becomes an Island of Utopia whose very tediums grow bright in the retrospect, the sting of whose sins and failures was always lessened by the power of the ideals and hopes that filled its air. No campus ever was a Utopia, and the most golden age of memory has doubtless been much alloyed with baser metal but if there is not something very bright and beautiful in American college life it is hard to account for the feeling in thousands of gray-haired men that long ago in their youth besides the education they got or failed to get, they gained around the knees of *Alma Mater* lasting joy, strength and inspiration that was not entirely contained in the books they read and cannot be exactly measured by the knowledge they acquired.—*Paul Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine.*

May it help some to make up their minds in favor of going to Washington in June.

#### NEW USE FOR MANUAL ALPHABET

Dropping into the class room of the blind department where an advanced class was reciting an algebra lesson, we passed by the teacher's desk, got the example in our mind and passed on to the back part of the room to await work by the class. Presently we heard the teacher say, "Your result is correct." We had heard no result given—we supposed it had been given in before we came in the room. We turned around then just in time to see the next girl giving her result on her fingers: spelling it out with the manual alphabet. How is that?—*Palmetto Leaf.*

"What is the deaf child sent to school for? Is it not especially that he may there learn the English language? All things else follows that. The acquisition of a language of communication lies at the root of his education, and is the necessary preliminary to everything else—a language by and through which every other object is to be attained."

#### WHEN WE CRITICISE

No one who habitually points out others' failures can be a success himself. There is something about the habit of criticism that prevents the free, full expression of good in the life of the critic. It has been said, for example, that "professional literary critics never turn out any good literature. Their habitual attitude of criticism dries up the sources of literary production." Whether this sweeping statement is true in every case or not it suggests a warning that most of us need to think about. To be habitually

# The TRENT

Go to Trenton's Home  
of Opera and Drama for  
a pleasant afternoon or  
night's entertainment

The attractions from the foremost Metropoli-  
tan Theatres

## B. F. KEITH'S THEATRES

PLAYING THE KEITH VAUDEVILLE  
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

### DIRECTORY OF THEATRES

B. F. KEITH'S Union Sq. Theatre,  
Broadway and 14th St.

B. F. KEITH'S Palace Theatre, B'dway & 47 St.  
Supreme Vaudeville  
Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Colonial Theatre, B'dway & 63 & 64 Sts.  
Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Alhambra Theatre, 7th Ave. & 125th St.  
Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Bronx Theatre, Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Harlem Opera House, 125th St. & 7th Ave.

KEITH'S STOCK COMPANY.

(Harlem Opera House)

A distinguished Company of Stellar rank Artists prod-  
ucing only most recent Broadway successes. Matinees  
daily. A new production each week.

## F. F. Proctor's Theatres

WORLD'S BEST VAUDEVILLE

### DIRECTORY OF THEATRES

Proctor's 5th Ave.—Broadway and 28th Street. All Star  
Vaudeville. Twice Daily. Two Big Concerts every  
Sunday.

F. F. Proctor's 23rd Street Theatre. (Continuous 11 A.M.  
F. F. Proctor's 125th Street Theatre. to 11 P.M. Refined  
F. F. Proctor's 58th Street Theatre. Vaudeville changed  
Monday and Thursday. Latest Photo Plays changed  
daily.

F. F. Proctor's New Theatre.....Newark, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Park Place Theatre.....Newark, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Lyric Theatre.....Newark, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Bijou Park.....Newark, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Albany, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Bijou Park.....Albany, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Annex.....Albany, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Troy, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Lyceum Theatre.....Troy, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Cohoes, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Jersey St. Theatre.....Elizabeth, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Broad St. Theatre.....Elizabeth, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Plainfield, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Opera House.....Plainfield, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Mt. Vernon, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Perth Amboy, N. J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Port Chester, N. Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre.....Schenectady, N. Y.

F. F. PROCTOR'S BIG STOCK COMPANY.  
Also affiliated with one hundred other theatres in the  
United States and Canada

**44th St. Music Hall** Just W. of B'way.  
Twice Every Day.  
Management.....LEW FIELDS  
Bargain Mats. 25c, 50c. Evgs. 25c. to \$1.  
Sun. Concerts, Mat. & Eve'

## IRON STEAMBOAT COMPANY FISHING BANKS STEAMER "TAURUS"

OF IRON STEAMBOAT CO.'S FLEET

Leaves Pier 1, (new) N. R., New York, 8.20 A.M.  
Bait and tackle on board. Fare: Gentlemen, 75c.; Ladies,  
50c.; Children, 25c. each

interested in seeing and speaking about the failures  
of others is to dry up our own powers of good. And  
the reverse is equally true; to be sensitively conscious  
of the good that is in others, to discover it and talk  
about it freely, is to bring good into being in our own  
lives that might otherwise never come into existence.  
How much better it is to discover that which makes  
for life than that which makes for death!—*Sunday  
School Times.*

—O—  
This is the time of year when we can all extend  
our sympathies to Mary.

### KERCHOO!

Mary had a little cold,  
That started in her head,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day  
(There wasn't any rule:)  
It made the children cough and sneeze  
To have that cold in school.

The teacher tried to drive it out,  
She tried hard, but—kerchoo!—  
It didn't do a bit of good,  
For the teacher caught it too.  
—*Christian Advocate.*

### THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE

Perhaps no other one individuality of the world,  
could serve so well to focus all religions of the world  
into one essential creed as William Shakespeare.  
It was his intimate sympathy with the spiritual  
striving of all religions and of all sects and denom-  
inations which would make it possible for each to  
claim him as its true representative. He might be  
claimed as a Catholic, as a Quaker, as a Baptist,  
as a Methodist, or as a Hebrew because every religion  
under the sun represents the highest striving for  
the ultimate good that those who embrace it are  
capable of, and a follower of each could easily be-  
lieve that the spiritual teachings and moral philo-  
sophy included in the genius of the world's greatest  
mind were the expression of his own particular  
desire. Yet it is only in this catholic sense that  
Shakespeare can be appropriated by any sect or  
faith. He was a Christian because he lived in a  
christian land. He was a Protestant in so far as  
he was not a Roman Catholic. He was a Catholic  
to the extent that he was not a Protestant. He  
could not be classified or restricted by any church  
dogmas which would deny him fellowship with the  
essence of all creed. "The Poet of humanity" could  
not have been otherwise than religious. The har-  
mony of the spiritual world was interpreted by  
him through all manifestation of created things.  
The meanest and most wonderful of inanimate ob-  
jects and all the men and women of all time were  
presented by him just as they were presented by  
the spirit that rules the universe whatever that may  
be called. There was no more attempt to apologize  
for them or to explain the inexorable sequence of  
events or to put the label of this or the other religion  
upon the drama of the world than those things are  
attempted to in the processes of Nature. If a name  
must be attached to the religion of Shakespeare, it  
might most nearly be described as "Pantheism."

"And thus our life exempt from public haunt  
Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks  
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Nor was this the prevailing philosophy confined  
to the "life exempt from public haunt"

In the gross humor and low morality Fallstaff  
which rank with the appetites of strength or in  
the pathetic return to early innocence when,—  
"babbling o' green fields" on his death bed; in  
the fighting of armies, in the ambitions of men  
that degraded to murder or elevated to heroic  
sacrifice, in the love and hate of women, in the  
nobler strife to "Hamlet"—in all the myriad pre-  
sentiments of the populous world there is the  
religion that breathes in the universe itself.

In one of the finest passages of the plays this  
creed of the Pantheistic relation of all things is  
exquisitely stated:

# VULCAN

## ROLL FILM

FOR THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER

A size to fit all cameras. The VULCAN  
is the "No Trouble" Kind — no fear of  
failures due to film deterioration.

Use VULCAN FILM and be assured of good  
results. Cost is no more than the kind you  
have been using.

Send for free booklet and name of  
nearest dealer.

**DEFENDER PHOTO SUPPLY  
COMPANY**

Argo Park, Rochester, N. Y.

New York Office: 13 West 29th Street.

"Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,  
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel sings  
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it."

This all-embracing natural religion was not at  
all inconsistent with the noble agnosticism regard-  
ing the future life denoted most clearly by "Hamlet,"  
beginning "To be or not to be"—

"To die, to sleep,  
To sleep perchance to dream, ay! there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil  
Must give us pause,—

Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourne,  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

A similar acknowledgment of the impossibility  
of comprehending either the hereafter or the vast  
scheme of existent things, yet differing in its wider  
significance and approaching the limits of negative  
belief rather than the militant spirituality unusually  
observed lies in Prospero's lines.—

"And like the baseless fabric of this vision—  
The cloud capped towers the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn Temples the great globe itself.  
Yes, all which it inherit shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,—  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

It is not impossible to believe that at some time  
all the spiritual aspirations of mankind will be fused  
into one universal religion. And whether its ex-  
terior form be that of a Christian Church or whether  
it be crystalized in doctrine by agencies yet un-  
known it will embrace the essential yearnings of  
men as portrayed by the highest attainment of hu-  
manity,—William Shakespeare!

"OCCASINOAL."

To maintain an opinion because it is thine, and  
not because it is true, is to prefer thyself above  
the truth.—*Venning.*

## The British Deaf Times

An illustrated monthly magazine--newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

**LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF OF THE UNITED KINGDOM**

Edited and controlled by the Deaf

**Independent, Interesting, Outspoken, and Honestly Impartial**

Twenty-four pages monthly

Annual subscription—single copies (prepaid) 60 cents. Those who prefer to send a dollar bill will be credited with twenty months' subscription. Send a picture post-card for specimen copy.

**The British Deaf Times,**

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

HOW WELL ARE YOU PLEASED WITH THE STORES THAT YOU VISIT GENERALLY?

Have you any fault to find with this store?

Have you a grievance? if so, come here and tell us about it, and see how readily we will make the wrong right.

From the lowermost to the uppermost floors, of your home, furnishings are here for the every use.

For every personal need within the bounds of reason the store stands ready to supply every wanted thing, near that bears a name, and ever at the fairest of fair price.

S. P. DUNHAM & Co.,  
TRENTON, N. J.

## F. S. Katzenbach & Co.,

35 East State Street,  
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.



**Hardware**

**Heaters**

**Ranges**

**Mantels**

**Grates**

**Tile Heaters**

**and**

**Facings**



**Plumbers  
Steam and Gas Fitters  
Steam and Hot Water  
Heating  
Electrical Supplies  
Bicycles  
Bicycle Supplies**

## Conservative 6 Per Cent Investment

*Corporation Stocks and Bonds*

Fluctuate in value and are subject to manipulation

*Public Service Corporations*

Are succumbing to Public Ownership with loss to the holders of their inflated securities

*Industrials*

Depend upon "The Man Behind the Gun."

## First Mortgage Loans

Do not fluctuate in value.

Are not subject to condemnation for public purposes. Are absolute in security irrespective of human frailty.

We have handled First Mortgage Loans in Duluth since 1869 without the loss of a dollar of principal or interest for any client.

We will be pleased to submit detailed information describing our offerings in First Mortgage Loans.

**J. D. Howard & Company**  
209-212 Providence Building Duluth, Minn.

Of interest to ALL the Deaf and General Public

ASK FOR IT!



Circulates Everywhere all the Time

FIFTY CENTS YEARLY

Postage Stamps Receivable for all Remittances

Address the Publisher, JOHN F. O'BRIEN,  
515-17 W. 160th St., NEW YORK CITY.

## COLLEGE CLOTHES That Are Different

The different young man wants to be different in his dress. College Brand Clothes are different—very different. They are cut in college style—with all the little differences which confer DISTINCTIVENESS and INDIVIDUALITY. Highest grade of ready to wear clothes ever produced.

**College Brand Suits and Overcoats**

**\$15 to \$35**

**Other Makes From \$10 up Raincoats \$5 to \$30**

Snappy College Furnishings, Neglige Shirts, French Flannel Shirts, Dress Suits, Underwear, Neckwear, Silk and Lisle Hosiery, Pajamas, Gloves for every occasion. Hats, Caps, Shoes, Oil Clothing, Suit Cases, Trunks, Umbrellas.

THE HOME OF

**GUNSON College Brand Clothes**

117-119 East State Street  
TRENTON, N. J.

## THE NEW JERSEY State Normal and Model Schools

TRENTON, N. J.

### The Normal School

Is a professional school, devoted to the preparation of teachers for the public schools of New Jersey.

Its course involves a thorough knowledge of subject matter, the faculties of mind and how so to present that matter as to conform to the law of mental development.

The cost per year for boarders, including board, washing, tuition, books, etc., is from \$164 to \$184.

### The Model School

It is a thorough academic training school preparatory to college, business or drawing room.

The schools are well provided with apparatus for all kinds of work, laboratories, manual training room, gymnasium, etc.

The cost for day pupils is from \$28 to \$64 per year, according to grade, and \$224 to \$244 for boarders.

### The Boarding Halls

The Boarding Halls are lighted by gas, heated by steam, well ventilated, provided with baths and all modern conveniences. The sleeping rooms are nicely furnished and are very cosy.

For further particulars apply to the Principal,

J. M. GREEN.

## PAINTS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Sold by people who know paints with a long-life knowledge

## HOOPER'S PAINTS

8 and 10 So. Warren St.  
Trenton, N. J.

# The New Jersey State School for the Deaf.

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION  
CALVIN N. KENDALL

## STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER  
JOHN P. MURRAY  
JOS. S. FRELINGHUYSEN  
MELVIN A. RICE

D. STEWART CRAVEN  
ROBERT A. SIBBOLD  
EDMUND B. OSBORNE  
JOHN C. VAN DYKE

### Officers of The Board

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER.....President  
CALVIN N. KENDALL.....Secretary  
EDWARD I. EDWARDS.....Treasurer

### TERMS OF ADMISSION

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions:

The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than six nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of applications and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address

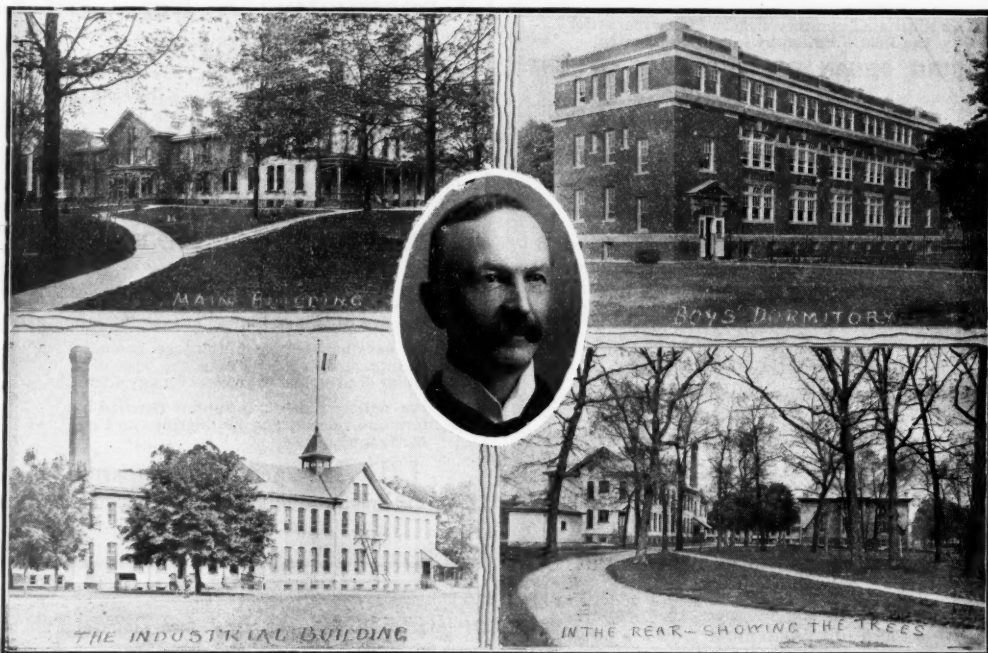
John P. Walker, M.A.,

TRENTON, N. J.

Superintendent.

### OFFICERS

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A.....Superintendent  
WM. G. NEWCOMB.....Store-keeper  
MISS GRACE HEALEY.....Secretary  
MISS EMILY B. BURK.....Book-keeper  
B. HOWARD SHARP.....Supervisor of Boys  
MISS ANNA M. FITZPARTICK.....Assistant Supervisor  
MISS MATHILDE R. CORNELIUS.....Supervisor of Girls  
MISS NELL BERGEN.....Nurse  
ELMER BARWIS, M.D.....Attending Physician  
MILES D. WAGNER, D.D.S.....Dentist  
BURR W. MACFARLAND, M.D.....Oculist  
CHARLES McLAUGHLIN.....Engineer



## Teachers of the New Jersey School for the Deaf

### Academic Department

JOHN P. WALKER.....Principal  
MISS HELEN CH. VAIL.....Supervising Teacher

B. HOWARD SHARP  
MISS MARY D. TILSON  
MISS MARY R. WOOD  
MISS ELIZABETH HALL  
MISS LILLIAN A. BRIAN  
MISS LILLIAN B. GRATTON  
MISS LILA WOOD  
MISS CLAUDIA WILLIAMS  
MISS JULIA HARMON CORY  
MISS ETHEL BROWN WARFIELD

### Industrial Department

GEORGE S. PORTER.....Printing and Engraving  
MRS. FRANCES H. PORTER.....{ Kindergarten  
and Drawing  
J. L. JOHNSON.....Wood-working  
CHAS. THROCKMORTON.....Shoemaking  
MISS BERTHA BILBEE.....Dress-making  
MISS KATHRYN WHELAN.....Dress-making  
MISS MIRIAM M. STEVENSON.....{ Millinery and  
Embroidery  
EDWIN MARKLEY.....Physical Director

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

## PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

### Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**PACH BROS.**  
**Photographers**  
935 BROADWAY, N. Y.

**DO YOUR SHOPPING AT**  
Trenton's most reliable store.  
Dependable merchandise at moderate prices.  
We give and redeem Gold Trading Stamps.

**Kaufman's**  
South Broad  
and Lafayette Streets  
Trenton, N. J.

## THE CROSSLEY MACHINE COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

MANUFACTURERS OF

Pottery, Tile, Electrical, Porcelain  
and Clay Washing Machinery

Machinery for Filtering,  
Grinding, Mixing and  
Forming Clay

TRENTON

NEW JERSEY

DO YOU KNOW  
**HOTTEL**

Sells the best \$1.50 and \$2.00 Derby in the city, also a full line of fine Hats College Caps, &c.

33 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.

NEW JERSEY  
**History and Genealogy**  
A SPECIALTY

**TRAVER'S BOOK STORE**  
108 S. BROAD ST.

1914  
**DAIRIES**  
YEAR BOOKS

MEMINDEX  
CARD INDEXES  
LOOSE LEAF BOOKS  
BOOKS FOR ALL USES  
FINE WRITING PAPER  
ENGRAVED NAME CARDS  
CONKLIN SELF-FILLING PEN  
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS &c.

**The Capitol Stationery**  
15 N. Warren St. Trenton, N. J.

**Martin C. Ribsam**  
Flowers, Seeds and Poultry  
Supplies

Broad and Front Sts.,  
Phone 210 TRENTON, N. J.

**Ashmore and Blackwell,**

Dealers in  
Fish, Game and Oysters

35 East Front St., Washington Market,  
TRENTON, N. J.

### STOLL'S

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,  
SPORTING GOODS & GAMES  
OUTDOOR SPORTS  
AND AMUSEMENTS.

30 East State St., Trenton N. J.

**Samuel Heath Company**  
**LUMBER**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
BUILDING MATERIALS  
Either Phone 1628 TRENTON, N. J.

Go to  
**WM. CONVERY & SONS**  
129 North Broad St.,  
and see the largest line of Furniture and  
Carpets in this city.